THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CII.—No. 1326

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by C. B. COCHRAN

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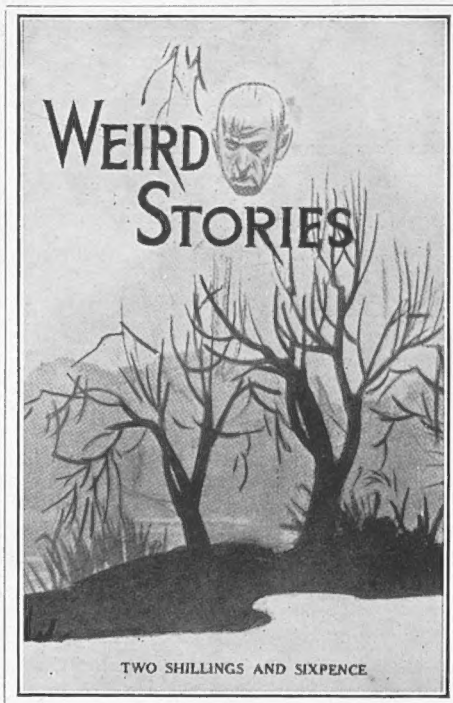

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The Bystander, May 15, 1929 No. 1326. Vol. CII

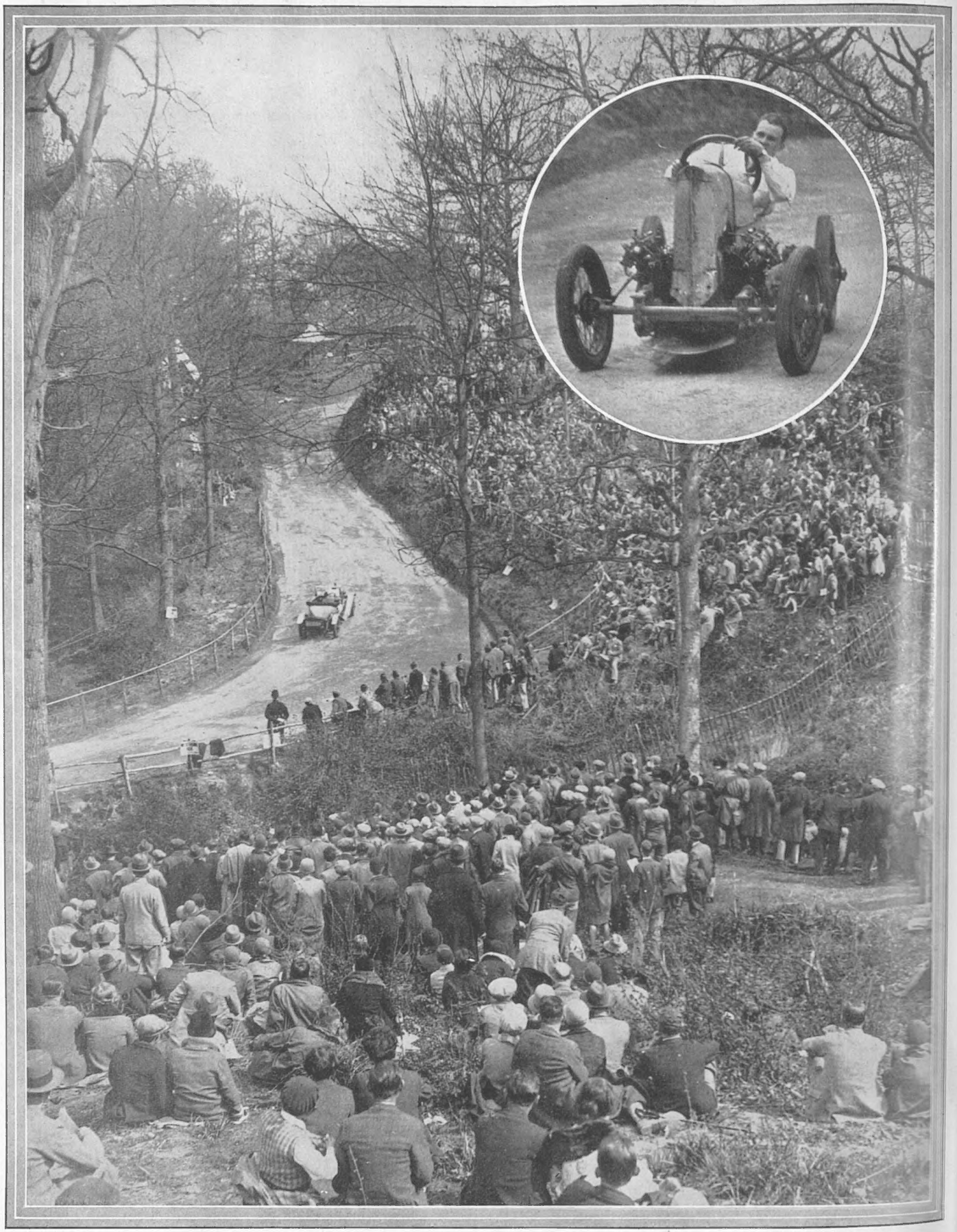
The BYSTANDER

BYSTANDER *Exclusive Colour Photograph* *Raphael*

MISS DAPHNE DU MAURIER

The second daughter of Sir Gerald and Lady du Maurier, who has inherited much of the literary genius of her grandfather, George du Maurier, the famous "Punch" artist and the author of "Trilby." Her short story "And Now to God the Father" is published in this number

THE AMATEUR DRIVER in ACTION



Two photographs taken at the Amateur Open Hill Climb at Shelsley Walsh, near Worcester, organised by the Midland Automobile Club. In the large photograph is a general view showing Mr. Geoffrey Summers on his Alfa-Romeo, and inset Mr. B. H. Davenport is seen negotiating a bend on his record-holding Frazer Nash

C. A. Whitcombe seen driving off the 7th tee at Gullane during the Open Golf Championship. A feature of this year's Open was the remarkable play of the American star, Walter Hagen

The Passing Hour

At the Sign of the Court Feathers

THERE is an ordeal to be faced in the ceremony of going to Court that makes it more and more surprising that many are not deterred from this pretty tradition of ceremony at Buckingham Palace. Perhaps I suffer from a less pachydermatous indifference than the majority of the debutantes and others who lined up in the Mall for the first two Courts, but really, that they were able to suffer the concentrated curiosity of the crowds with such equanimity was reason of applause for our national phlegmatism. However, vanity no doubt rescued the majority from feeling embarrassment of the situation too acutely.

I spent the evening in philosophic contemplation within the pleasant surroundings of the Ambassadors Club, where the imaginative genius of the *chef* was unimpaired by a loud-

Mrs. Tony Bellville filming an event at the Pershore Spring 'Chases in a most professional manner. Mrs. Bellville was, of course, Miss Audrey Kitson

The Hon. Diana Coventry and Lady Mary Lygon, who were among the visitors to the Pershore Spring meeting

DANCES OF THE DEBUTANTES

Sir Harry Brittain at the wheel of his car in which he drove his daughter, Alida, to the first Court. She is seen in the back of the car with her mother, Lady Brittain

drummed band. Indeed, I found for the first time an orchestra who realised how much more effective dinner and dance music may be if it is played *piano* rather than *fortissimo*. The sight of a magnificent kilt re-awakened realisation of what the evening held for many, the kilt being about the person of Lord Strathspey, who came from Court with Lady Strathspey (feathers rampant), Sir William and Lady Pitcairn Campbell, Sir Percy and Lady Grant, as well as Sir Thomas and Lady Bethell.

The Dance of Youth

PASSING through those three historic London squares, Belgrave Square, Grosvenor Square, Berkeley Square, at nights now there is always to be seen before one house or another a strip of red drugget and a red-striped awning over portal and pavement. An unmistakable sign that the Season is with us and that the dances of the debutantes have begun. There were six last week; there are nine this. Boom time for the caterers; bad time for digestions, though youth may laugh in the face of endless lobster mayonnaise and successive quails in aspic. These dances are so essentially for the young, and their enjoyment depends as entirely upon one's immediate contemporaries as it does at the Varsity. Come marriage and time to deprive you of this circle of acquaintance and these dances that were so gay a time amidst intimate friends present but a concourse of strange faces. Besides, maturity and developing intelligence demand less heterogeneous entertainment. Old friends must now be sought in the new night clubs!

Two charming Indian debutantes, the Misses Korshed and Nurgesh Kothawala, waiting their turn in the queue of cars. They were presented at the first Court

Janet Jevons

Miss Marjorie Leigh, who was presented last week by the Hon. Mrs Hoare

LAWN TENNIS STARS AS DEBUTANTES

Limousines for the Election

THE striped awning was up outside 58, Grosvenor Street last Thursday for the dance that Baroness Ramsay gave with the Hon. Mrs. Archibald Maule Ramsay for their daughters, Baroness Veronica Ramsay and Miss Crichton-Stuart. Baroness Ramsay, strangely, is not to be found in Debrett as might be thought with a title that suggests she is a baroness in her own right; though she is of the Dalhousie Ramsays she is descended from a branch of the family that many years ago migrated to Russia, the father of Baroness Ramsay having been Master of Ceremonies to the late Tsar, and her daughter has all the beauty of the Slavonic type. Both at this dance and at Lady Halsbury's earlier in the week I was surprised to see how many guests left in taxi-cabs. With me was a Conservative M.P.—constituencies are so susceptible of their Member's behaviour these days that if I mentioned his name he would probably be inundated with protests for so flippantly passing the evening—and as he has two cars of a considerable size I was surprised when he asked if he might share a cab with me. "Where's the car?" I asked. "Oh, they've both been sent off to the constituency. We need them for getting about to make speeches." And hundreds of others have gone as well, so the Election will have one good result if it temporarily relieves a little of London's traffic. Unless, of course, others are imported to serve the constituencies in London!

Miss Helen Wills, the famous lawn tennis player, was nearly mobbed on leaving the American Women's Club to be presented at Court

Dorothy Wilding

MISS HELEN WILLS

The Lady Lawn Tennis Champion, who is among the debutantes to be presented this year. Accused of a "poker face" (Anglice, "expressionless"), her portrait shows her as vying with even Miss Eileen Bennett in looks

Lenare

MISS EILEEN BENNETT

The British Lawn Tennis Star is among the debutantes of the year. Her portrait was hung in last year's Academy

For the Country's Good

THERE were two phrases in Mr. Baldwin's letter that he permitted to be published as emphasis of his opinion that no Conservative candidate should oppose Sir John Simon at Spen Valley that might well be observed as an interpretation for other and greater issues. First he said: "The situation is one in which purely Party considerations must take second place"; then expressed the hope that they would show "their determination to sacrifice the possibility of a local Party victory *for the good of the country as a whole.*" The italics might be emblazoned above the Speaker's chair in the House for how many politicians vote against the country's interests to satisfy the pettier claims of Party? Owing to the stupid sensationalism of the Press, a Government defeat is heralded as a catastrophe, whereas in many cases it only reveals a healthy and proper opposition to their proposals. If Parliament were not fettered by the outworn shibboleths of Party consideration and Bills were submitted to a free vote they would certainly be more representative of the country's opinion than those that are thrust through the House by the overwhelming majority of whatever Party is in power. If Mr. Ramsay MacDonald or Mr. Lloyd George create a Bill in the country's cause, it is the behaviour of a cretin that opposition should be applied to satisfy Government tradition. Liberals and Socialists make capital out of their anti-Safeguarding policy, refusing to see any of its advantages, crying, as it

WELL-KNOWN RACEGOERS POTTED

were, "Power and office, never mind the country." And are not innocent Conservatives placing Party considerations before "the good of the country as a whole."

Wind in the Sails

OCCASIONALLY I must penetrate into the dangerous territory of what I can only describe as specialised sport, such as racing, toxophily, ice-hockey, yachting, of which many write but few are sailors. Yachting, I hear from Cowes, is already in full sail, and in many cases is it steam, for the Duke of Sutherland's Sans Peur, almost rivalling the Wagons-Lits luxury of Mr. Solly Joel's Eileen, has set her bows towards to the Bay of Biscay *en route* to a Mediterranean cruise. I note, incidentally, that His Grace has not emulated the Duke of Portland by withholding his Romney from America and giving, or even lending it to the nation. Perhaps he thinks the nation would not be duly appreciative! The Marquess of Northampton has already begun cruising in his yawl, Celia, and this year Lord Michelham will no doubt be seen in Deauville Harbour in Lord Wavertree's motor yacht, Vonna, which he has chartered for the season, and Lord Birkenhead has started excursions in his turbulent little motor yacht, Mairi. I hear, by the way, that his son, Lord Furneaux, may get his lawn tennis blue this year at Oxford. Having played against him at Le Touquet two years ago, I am surprised they did not give it him last year. Sir Philip Hunloke, who will be released from the helm of Britannia, as she will not be in commission this year, should have the freedom to race his own boat and attack the supremacy of Sir Ralph Gore, who established a record in wins last season.

Topical

A group including the Countess of Haddington, Lady Alexandra Haig and Miss Lindley at the Kelso Spring Meeting

The Hon. Marjorie Scott and Mr. H. R. Trotter at the United Border Hunt 'Chases and Hurdle Races at Kelso

Topical

Lady Carnarvon and Sir John Buchanan-Jardine at the Chester Races

River Season Once More?

AS I am launched upon the pastimes of the water, let me continue from salt to fresh, from Southampton Water to Thames River. In my peregrinations as a diarist it has come to me that we shall see a revival of the boating summer this year. Pastimes, like clothes and morals, are all a matter of fashion, and I think the swing is going to take even the tennis players into the punts and canoes. Motoring having become an abomination on most roads, people will just drive down to the nearest reach and start boating instead. At Maidenhead, that setting for so many musical river-comedies, I see that the dance resort once owned by a London night club has been taken

Mr. Edgar Wallace, "Unknown," was photographed last week, chatting

A PROMINENT PARLIAMENTARIAN

over by the Hungaria Restaurant—Tzigane bands will be heard upon the waters! Shades of "Sweet Pepper"!—so that it stands a chance of reclaiming lost popularity. His Excellency Baron Ivan Rubido-Zichy, the Hungarian Minister, is to open the club this Saturday. Such publicity I applaud, and why does not our Government subsidise an English restaurant in Budapest as advertisement for the "Come to Britain" movement?

London Besting Paris

Is the flair for dress passing from Paris to London? Lady Peacock, who is in business as Irèdo, says it is, and has written an article, which will appear in a subsequent issue, to prove it. I am sorry, by the way, that in a previous issue in these columns a mistake was made in describing Mrs. David Lynch, who is one of Lady Peacock's partners, as Mr. R. D. Blumenfeld's daughter. She is, of course, the wife of Colonel D. A. Lynch. Mr. Blumenfeld's daughter is Mrs. Vernon-Hunt, who is also interested in Irèdo, which firm is creating a sort of record for mannequin displays in both the West End hotels and dance clubs.

CHESTER
whose latest play, "Persons at the Shaftesbury Theatre Lord Hamilton of Dalziel

A Folk-song Recital

In this age, when our popular music is suffering a sustained bout of Americanism, and even children sing the songs of Al Jolson and the confections of Broadway music-halls, it is surprising to find an American coming over here to sing children's folk-songs and others. This is a most charming American woman, Miss Dorothy Gordon, who is giving a recital at the Wigmore Hall this Thursday afternoon, the 16th. She is giving many of the folk-songs of all the nations that she has herself collected into a book, "Sing It Yourself," and she is leading off with the greeting song of the Penobscot Indians, a rich, haunting refrain, and going on to the folk-songs of the South and those delicious pieces from "Alice in Wonderland," "The Lobster Quadrille" and "Father William." I hope many children are there to hear her; it will be so good for them to hear tunes other than those of nigger syncopation.

AT THE PRIVATE VIEW
Lady Alexander (left) and Lady Oxford arriving for the Private View at Burlington House. The dresses of some of the visitors were certainly more striking than any of the pictures

Sir Herbert Nield

In our gallery of portraits this week we give a portrait of Sir Herbert Nield, perhaps the most unconventional K.C. M.P. in the country. Sir Herbert, although in his sixty-eighth year, has a very virile personality, and his independence in regard to all matters in which he takes an interest stamps him far less of a politician than as a humanitarian. For many years past he has taken a leading part in every action to assist ex-Service men, especially those in the Civil Service, and his remarks at different times upon the Great Mandarins of Whitehall are perhaps less complimentary than forcible. In 1923-4 he was Chairman of the Council of the National Union of Conservative Associations, and he is also a leading protagonist in regard to the ridiculous restrictions of the unspeakable D.O.R.A. I do not think he loses sleep o' nights through over-admiration of Jix, and he has more than once wanted to know

THE NEXT "COCK O' THE NORTH"
Lord Haddo, the son of the Marquess of Aberdeen, whose territorial designation is as above, seen at the Levée

SQUANDERMANIA IN THIS COUNTRY

Janet Jevons

Mrs. Christine Low, whose marriage to Mr. K. S. G. Sommerville, third son of the late Mr. R. G. Sommerville, of Rushton House, Taunton, will take place quietly in London early in July. She is the widow of the late Mr. Harry Low, the well-known black-and-white artist, who was a contributor to "The Bystander"

within recent months why working-men's clubs, which are legally supposed to be the equivalent of a member's home, should be subject to the same licensing restrictions as a public-house or common inn. At the present moment he is having a first-class scrap with the North Middlesex Assessment Committee against the new assessment on his beautiful residence Bishop's Mead, Ken Wood, because he claims that the amenities of rural life have been destroyed, and that while destroying them he has been rated at a higher amount. I must confess my sympathies lie with Sir Herbert. It is amazing to me that the whole country does not rise and slay these rating squanderers, who spend money like water, usually on the wrong thing, at a prolific rate. Sir Herbert, in addition to his other activities, is the Recorder of York.

Behind the Scenes

I SPENT a fascinating two hours at Covent Garden last week. Colonel Blois, managing director of the Opera Syndicate, took me behind the scenes during the first act of *Gotterdammerung*. I made acquaintance with all those whose work in opera production is seen but not heard, the prompter, the assistant prompters, the electricians. I never realised before that seated in his little box on the stage the prompter is as essential to the singers as the conductor to the orchestra. He calls out the opening words of every singer's lines, and they depend upon him never to bring them in a note too soon or late. And the assistant prompters—*répétiteurs*, I

RACING HINTS

We have had several good winners since the season opened and ***First Flight*** *(winner of the Chester Cup at 9 to 1) was a welcome addition to the list*

The horses named weekly on this page are not selected for any particular race; they should be entered in your diary and backed each way until they win.

SEA CRAG

(Bay C., by Craig-an-Eran—Sea Bloom). Owner, Mr. H. S. Gray. Trainer, S. Darling. Was backed by a cute division to win the Victoria Cup at Hurst Park. Follow him in races up to a mile.

GOLDEN RAIN

(Ch. C., by Lemonora—Chicken Pie). Owner, Sir M. Wilson. Trainer, W. Nightingall. Reported to have done well in his work at home, and was quickly supported for the Paradise Stakes (one mile and a quarter) at Hurst Park.

QUARTRAIN

(Ch. C., by Tetrameter—Proud Mary). Owner, Mr. W. H. Thorpe. Trainer, Pollock. A smart two-year-old to watch in the Midlands and in the North.

HIGH MINDED

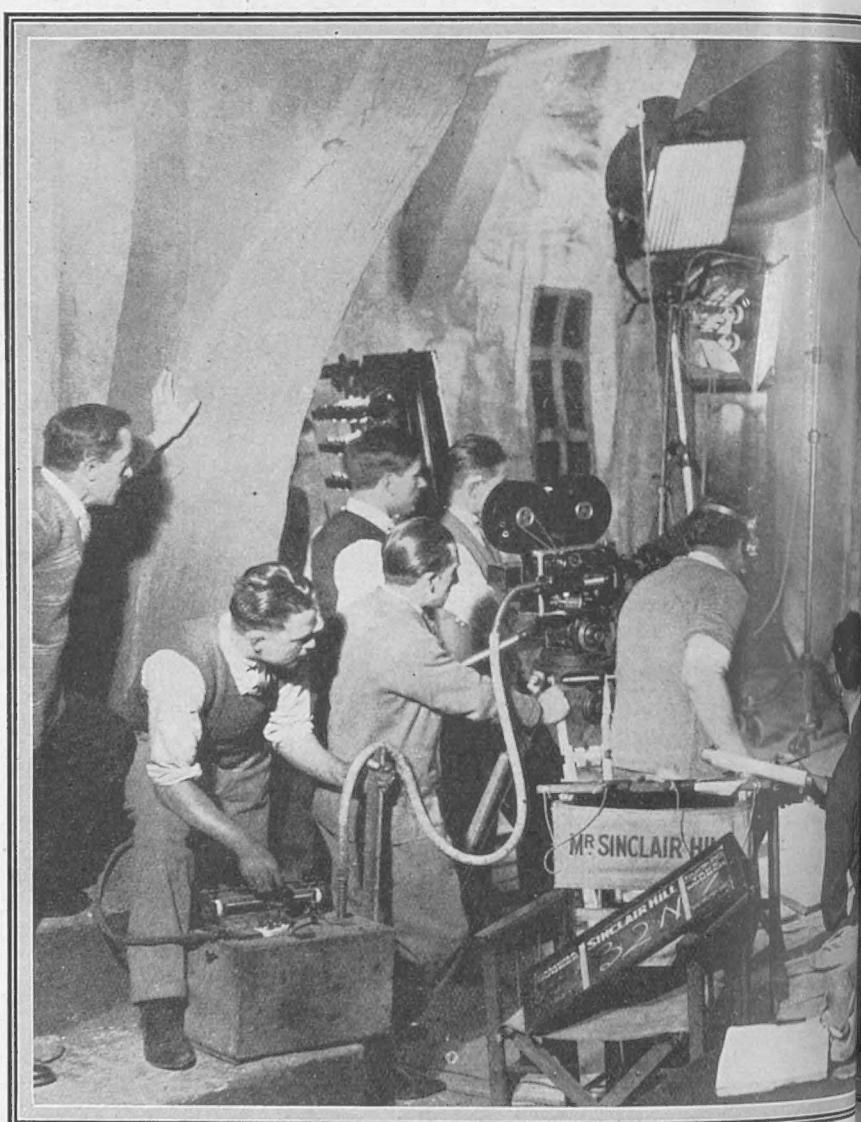
(B. G., by White Eagle—Mindful). Owner, Mrs. J. Bancroft. Trainer, Easterbee. "Blower" money was lost, but money talks! Follow up. Finished down the field in the Alexandra Mid-Weight Handicap (one mile five furlongs and a few yards) at Alexandra Park.

BACK NUMBER

(Br. C., by Obliterate—Comedy Star). Owner, Lady Ludlow. Trainer, Watts. Was confidently supported to win, but finished third to the smart Irish Heroine in the Stamford Stakes (five furlongs) at Chester.

GREAT SCOT

(Ch. C., by Grand Parade—Dalkeith). Owner, Mrs. C. Beatty. Trainer, T. Leader. Was backed down from 4 to 1 to 2 to 1 over one mile and a quarter and was only one length behind the winner.



ALL-BRITISH TALK FILMS

Leading British actors and actresses, authors, managers, and producers were invited to a luncheon at the and Mr. Basil Dean, as directors of a new talking film company, announced that a serious effort was to b shows the "shooting" of a scene in "The Unwritten Law," at the

think they call them—who tell the singers when to go on, and order up lightening sunshine, or darkness, from the electricians, for scenic effects must synchronise with the score. Some may remember the spot-light that clung to Mme. Jeritza's fair figure when she last appeared in *The Jewels of the Madonna*. Mechanically speaking, it was an achievement, and its author told me with pride how he had done it. He doesn't know what coals of bitter irony were dropped upon Jeritza's head by a certain music critic, or the sardonic suggestion that she should have sung, "I have a little spot-light that goes in and out with me!" Colonel Blois, who has the responsibility of the singers and operas, is a soldier turned impresario, like Major Loudon Greenlees, who preceded him. He left the Rifle Brigade to study composition and conducting in Naples, and as he speaks Italian, German, French and Spanish, holds his own linguistically.

Central Press

Hotel on Wednesday last, when Sir Gerald du Maurier to produce All-British Talk films. The above picture Talking Studios at Wembley

WHY I PRODUCED "PORGY"

By C. B. COCHRAN

Raphael

Mr. C. B. Cochran says, "I would rather be responsible for putting on 'Porgy' than for all the other plays and entertainments presented in London in my lifetime"

When I told Mr. Cochran recently that I had seen "Porgy" three times the famous Manager retorted that to date he had seen it eight times at His Majesty's. The reasons which induced him to stage this gem of human psychology are explained in the article. It is a drama to be seen not once but many times, as on every occasion new wonders of production and acting are observed.—EDITOR.

MANY people have asked me how I came to present *Porgy* at His Majesty's. Why, says one, when there are so many plays, choose a dramatic exposition of the life of a negro slum? Another speculates that the success of *Blackbirds* was my reason for showing this other aspect of coloured artistry. Others have suggested that the popularity of spirituals may have led me to conclude that a play which introduced these appealing folk-songs would attract a big following.

ACTUALLY none of these answers the question. I produced *Porgy* out of sheer enthusiasm. Although I am in the theatrical business to make a living out of it, in common with some of my colleagues, I also have my own particular likes and dislikes in the matter of plays and entertainments. Many of my finest shows were put on not primarily in order to make money, but to give the public a chance of seeing something which I regarded as of outstanding interest or importance.

IT was the beauty of *The Miracle* at Olympia which lured me to present it. My introductions of the Russian Ballet, the Guitrys, the Chauve Souris, Cyrano, and Signor Pirandello's plays and company to London were among other ventures of enthusiasm. I was determined that London Town should see the best of the world's theatre. Sometimes the determination has been costly, at others profitable.

Porgy I unhesitatingly place among the high lights of my managerial career. When I saw it in New York I was completely knocked off my critical perch! I had heard of the show as one of the things to see, and drifted casually into the theatre one matinée. I had no idea of producing it. I do not do many American plays, and I was not looking out for possible importations. But from the moment the curtain rose I was under the spell of one of the greatest theatrical experiences of my life—a spell which still binds me fast.

THE show staggered me. Its vivid colour, vitality, its interplay of humour and pathos, cruelty and kindliness, religion and viciousness, its superlative technical accomplishment in acting, decor, lighting, and production—all these varied excellences overwhelmed me. "Here is something entirely new in the theatre," I said to myself; "a new style of production, a new type of play." Indeed, *Porgy* for me is not just a play. It is life itself unfolded before one. And although I could not at the first view diagnose it in detail, I sensed the magnificent technique of the work as a whole—with its exultant flow and rhythms. I was, indeed, so stunned and at the same time elated that I could not—and still cannot—see how any public could fail to respond to the

"PORGY"—THE SUPER COLOUR DRAMA

"Catfish Row is an index to the mind of a folk and the whole colour problem," says Mr. Cochran. The photograph above was taken from an acute angle looking down upon the coloured folk gambling in the first act of "Porgy"

appeal of the show in the same way as I did. I thought London would fall for *Porgy*, and the very next day I got into touch with the Theatre Guild authorities, and they allowed me to produce it in London.

MANY months elapsed before this was possible. My keenness and belief only grew. Dress rehearsals are always a time of excitement, but never in my whole life have I experienced such a mental upheaval as before this production. I dreaded that my second view might not come up to the perfection of the impression I had gained in New York. Had I been in a particularly good mood or influenced by surroundings? I was amazingly nervous. But when I saw the piece at His Majesty's I realised that my New York impression was right. It was as good as—if not better than—when I saw it in New York. It gripped me in the same way. Members of the company and staff comparing this with previous performances say that the players excelled themselves. I saw it again on the second and third nights; the spell persisted. I have but few evenings free for playgoing for its own sake—but when I have a night off I go to *Porgy*.

EVERYBODY with the slightest interest in the theatre ought, in my opinion, to see this work. And it is a play which, like a great symphony or a Wagnerian opera, grows on one the more one has of it. It is a play to see again and again. It has a character never seen in a play before, and has already had a marked effect on the drama of the United States. It is destined, I am convinced, to have an even greater effect there and in the theatres of the world both in regard to the playwright's craft and on stage technique generally. It is of particular moment in London, for the simple reason that we so seldom see on the English stage any examples of modern methods of production and technique. This aspect of the play delighted me at the outset, and I thought that if I, with my expert knowledge of how the wheels go round, was impressed, how much more would the average intelligent playgoer unused to this be delighted by the illusion.

I MUST confess that the initial reception accorded to my production at His Majesty's disappointed me sadly. It was not that the audience did not show appreciation, but some people to whom I talked, playgoers who ought to know better, seemed to me to have missed the whole point. Although the critics were almost unanimous in bestowing high praise, their attitude was not what I had expected. Perhaps any expression of exaltation such as I had myself was not quite *de rigueur*. I have noticed often enough that English playgoers, and critics as well—for the gentlemen of the Press are, after all, only plus-four playgoers—are seldom inclined to let themselves go in the way that Continental audiences and publicists do.

YET it seems to me that many of my friends missed the real things in their discussion of the play. For *Porgy* is not and never set out to be that mechanically efficient thing, a "well-made play." It is folk-drama. It deals in mass effects rather than individualities. It is the attitude of Catfish Row that counts, and the gracelessness and poignancy of Bessie, the strange nobilities of the cripple who gives his name to the piece, the sorrow and rancour of Serena, the humours of the crab-man, the sheer animalism of Crown, the viciousness of Sporting Life, and religiosity, the gambling, and the trickery—all are assembled on the stage in order to register that attitude and to express this noisy, vital, pathetic nigger street. And Catfish Row is an index of the mind of a folk and of the whole colour problem. This surely is the stuff of drama, especially in view of the intensely dramatic quality of the negro. And I claim that Du Bose and Dorothy Heyward have triumphantly brought off their exposition and that the production of Rouben Mamoulian and the superb team-work and individual performances of the artists have made this a perfect dramatic whole.

THESE are my reasons for producing this play in London. If my enthusiasm sounds extravagant to the reader who has not yet seen the show, it is absolutely sincere. I have brought the show to London because I think Londoners should not miss a unique and stimulating adventure. I would rather be responsible for putting on *Porgy* than for all the other plays and entertainments presented in London in my lifetime. C. B. C.

PRESENT-DAY CELEBRITIES AT HOME

BYSTANDER *Copyright* *Special Portrait by Howard Coster*

SIR HERBERT NIELD, P.C., K.C., J.P., D.L., M.P.

Who, as the Chairman of the Governing Body of Conservative Clubs, is a strong opponent of the Dora-born restrictions on the freedom of club life and has had no hesitation in opposing the Government on such points. Recorder of York, and Conservative M.P. for Ealing, Sir Herbert maintains a sturdy independence in all Parliamentary affairs

AT THE PLAY

A BIT of a TRAGEDY and an ALDWYCH

IN the course of paying frequent visits to the theatre—visits extending over a length of years which I decline to recall—I sometimes wonder whether the standard of taste shown by the theatre-going public is not extremely low.

Heaven knows I am no highbrow; I can quite understand why, say, Pirandello—whom I like—is not everybody's meat. I can even more easily understand why Tchekov—whom I dislike—is not universally popular, but what beats me utterly is why certain plays full of merit are given the cold shoulder.

Last year one of the cleverest plays I had seen for a long time ran for a fortnight or thereabouts and lost money all the time. That play was *The Road to Rome*. Another excellent play—also sent to us from America—called *Spread Eagle*, was, to put it mildly, a moderate success.

THESE plays were really first-rate stuff. They were well constructed, well written, well characterised, and really interesting. They could not be described as "better to read than to see." Far from it. Yet they failed. And last week I saw a play at the Little Theatre called *Captain Banner*, written by George R. Preedy, author of that clever novel "General Crack," which is quite the best costume play I have seen for ever so long, and the theatre was terribly empty!

SO empty, indeed, that it is possible the play will have been taken off before this issue is on sale. If *Captain Banner* has died from neglect his decease is entirely unmerited. Unlike many such plays character is not confined to the costumes. The people whom we see appear real flesh and blood; the story is gripping, and though the dialogue is written by a man who has a distinct feeling for *le mot just*, it is far from being preciously literary. It is first-rate theatre, too, which is not always to be found in literary dialogue.

AND, except in one instance, when there was an inept piece of miscasting, the acting was worthy of the play. Godfrey Tearle, H. A. Saintsbury, Dorothy Green and Violet Farebrother in important parts kept perfectly in the period — that of George III, whose sister was Queen of Denmark, and [illegible] whose life the play is written—[illegible] acted with sincerity and conviction. Why, then, is *Captain Banner* not a success? I really cannot say. I suspect the reason why *Spread Eagle* and *The Road to Rome* failed to attract was because they were satirical and the great B.P. does not appreciate satire—except in revue, and not too much of it then!

BUT *Captain Banner* is straightforward drama with strong situations, and the cast was headed not only by a star actor but one who is deservedly a star, which is not always the case in the theatrical firmament. But because this play is not a success I beg the author not to lose heart. We want new dramatists badly, and I hope that the author of *Captain Banner* will continue to write for the stage and not be deterred from doing so by unmerited neglect.

FARCE

By VERNON WOODHOUSE

"A Cup of Kindness" at the Aldwych

THE Aldwych Theatre management by sticking to a policy have the battle half won before the curtain goes up on their very rare first nights. The public knows that farce is the fare here and come prepared to laugh, and in fairness it must be added that Tom Walls, Ralph Lynn, Mary Brough, and all the other members of what has become almost a stock company have in the past given them something to laugh at!

IN addition to a stock company the Aldwych seems to possess a stock dramatist in Ben Travers, and right well has he performed his task on four occasions. He again appears, as the author of *A Cup of Kindness*, for his fifth effort, but I do not think that in this case he has filled the bill so successfully.

IN mixing this cup he has put in plenty of verbal spice and spirit, but it is singularly deficient in body. His main idea—that of suburban Montagues and Capulets—is a good one, but of amusing situations arising out of the story there are singularly few.

THE first act is first-rate farce. The explanatory squabbles between the Tutt family, whose son is engaged to Betty Ramsbotham, and the parents of that charming girl as represented by Winifred Shotter, are genuinely amusing, and the curtain falls—as it should do—with happy anticipations of farcical situations to follow. The second act starts well directly after the wedding, when one of those terrible marriage groups are posing for a photograph, but after that the fun flags somewhat. The author provides his characters with many amusing, and occasionally broadly vulgar, things to say, but he gives them precious little to do—a fatal flaw in farce.

THIS dialogue, however, creates such laughter, and the company, with Tom Walls as producer, have evolved so many amusing bits of business

SCOTT RUSSELL

that no change in the programme here should be required for some time to come. *A Cup of Kindness* will doubtless be drunk with avidity, but I doubt whether this farce will achieve so long a run as some of its predecessors.

SHOULD my somewhat pessimistic forecast be unfulfilled, I believe that it will be due to Tom Walls in his dual capacity of producer and actor. As Fred Tutt he is the bibulous, middle-aged "picker-up of well-considered trifles" to the life; Ralph Lynn has not such a good part as usual, nor is Mary Brough given enough to do, but they, as well as Ethel Coleridge, Marie Wright, and Kenneth Kove all play farce as it should be played.

H. H. HARRIS'S sketches are of *La Vie Parisienne* at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, another operetta—by Offenbach this time—which Sir Nigel Playfair has successfully rescued from an undeserved oblivion V. W.

KATHLEEN BURGIS AND HENRY CAINE

At The

"HANG it," said the Academician—and they did. For anything an R.A. likes to send to the Royal Academy has to go up on the line. And as this year there are no fewer than two hundred up there, it is not surprising, perhaps, that the general atmosphere is respectable to dull. Mr. Augustus John, who loves to be the G.B.S. of the Art world on occasion, sends his best work to the Bond Street exhibition and leaves two inconsiderable portraits for Burlington House. Of younger Moderns, it is enough to say that among those not present are Wilson Steer, Paul Nash, Duncan Grant, Nevinson . . .

NOT that it matters. The Academy does not set out to cater for the taste of the progressive. It serves its purpose when it ushers in the Season on the day of the Private View, and for all the other days it fulfils its function as one more national institution. A thing not to be despised. What would not Sir Thomas Beecham give to have Opera regarded in the same way? For it is not the crowd on the first night or at the private view who make an institution; it is the general public. They don't know much about it, but they know what they like. And for some reason, though their acquaintance with the paint box is quite as slender as their knowledge of an orchestral score, they like the Academy, very much indeed.

PERHAPS it is because it is so English. Opera, after all, suggests something foreign. If you could distinguish the words, you wouldn't be able to understand them; and as for the singers, in name, and—dare we say—frequently in figure, they proclaim at once a Continental origin. The Academy, on the other hand, being full of people "like you or me," gives a nice sense of comfortable security. If occasionally it chooses to provide something more stimulating, in the way of a problem picture or a painting by someone in their 'teens, so much the better.

THEREFORE the great British public flocks every year in its hundreds to Burlington House. Country cousins keep an afternoon for it on their yearly visit to Town. The intelligentsia from the suburbs sacrifice a day's precious shopping in the West End in order to *do* the Academy. Art students drop in from their schools. And sometimes between the sombreros of one group and the costumes for Town wear of the other, you may find a lonely critic come in for a second look at some small masterpiece let in by the Hanging

ACADEMY

By ROSEMARY
ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE

"The intelligentsia from the suburbs . . do the Academy"

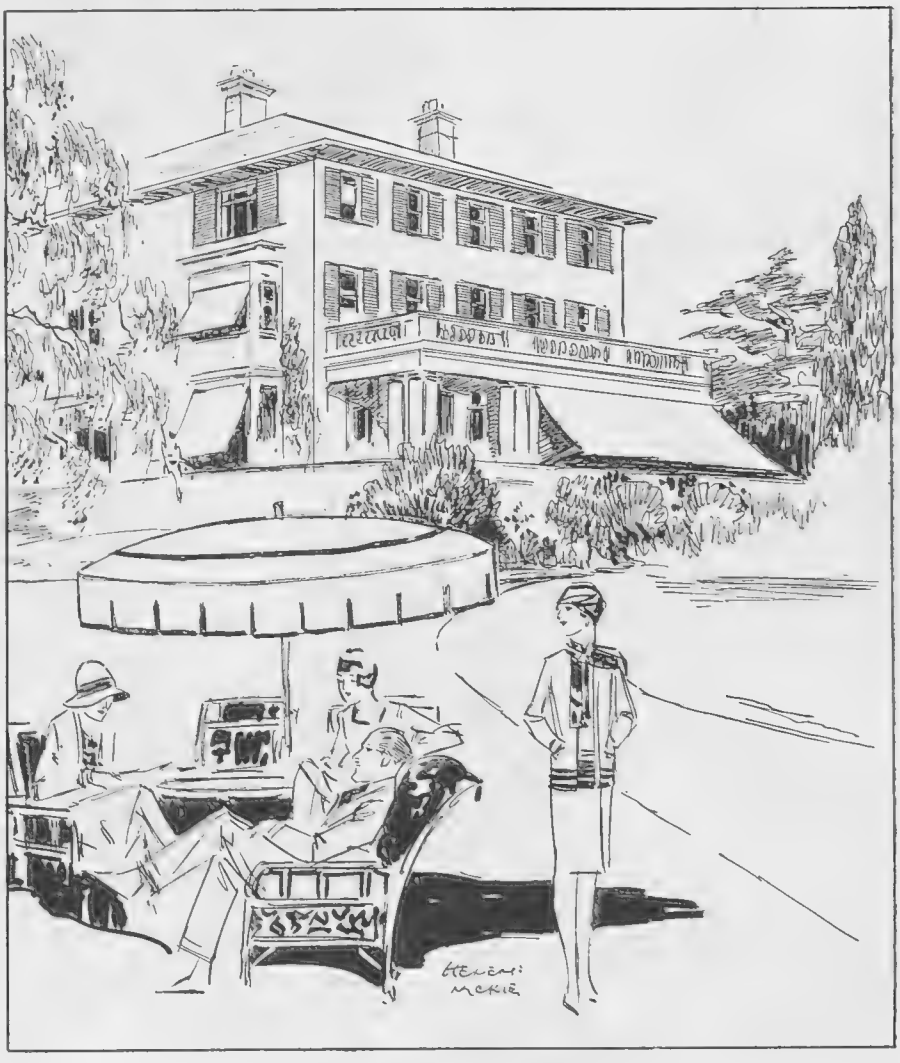
Committee in a fit of absence of mind. Or occasionally there may be a celebrity who, at the Private View, oddly enough, wanted to see rather than be seen and, being foiled, comes now to look at the pictures.

FROM the point of view of the largest group of visitors, it is a disappointing Academy in that it has no sensational Picture of the Year. The friends we all know so well who have a sort of facility for moral cross-words will have no opportunity to exercise their gifts in telling us what the picture *means*. For there is nothing really that wants explaining—except the reason why so many are there at all! And if you know someone who can fathom that, perhaps they would go a bit further, and if it isn't asking too much, tell us why John Collier had to paint a Mrs. Cecil Cave-Brown-Cave in just that shade of apricot. To say nothing of the "bandeau," as I believe that sort of thing round the head was called before the War.

NO doubt he has admirers enough to rush to his defence. And perhaps one of them would be able to stand before the canvases of Mrs. Laura Knight, too, and explain why it is that those who have least to say always say it so loudly. Particularly, let us admit, women! In an attempt to be masculine they so often succeed in being merely insensitive and brutal. Those Circus pictures, for instance, are unrelieved by humour and represent a world as distorted and ugly as a succession of clowns' faces coated with powder. This sort of thing isn't really a sign of strength at all; it is merely "tough."

THERE seem to be signs that the river and the country are to come into their own this year. Murray's River Club at Maidenhead is to open on Saturday, the 18th, as the Hungaria, with the attraction of the Tzigany band made famous by the Hungaria Restaurant in the Haymarket. And there seems a likelihood that the Country Club is going to make a definite bid for a place in English social life such as it already holds in the States. With the growth of the week-end habit there should be room for it, and as a movement on the right lines many will welcome the opening of Englemere, Ascot, the old home of Lord Roberts, as just such a social centre. It is a beautiful house in the best tradition of the Stately Home; and it has been fitted up to meet the requirements of a club, with the luxuries of a modern hotel.

Rosemary.



Englemere, Ascot, the new Country Club

THE LURE OF COVENT GARDEN

A Record Season in Grand Opera and Why

By FRANKLYN MORRIS

FRIDA LEIDER

MR. GEORGE ROBEY used to sing a song which dealt with a lady whom he had ventured to wed. The ceremony was over and the rice had been thrown; and then "I examined," he went on, "my bargain at leisure." The gradual shedding of what were supposed to be natural charms—hair, teeth, and so forth—produced a temporary disillusionment. But at the end of every verse Mr. Robey was triumphantly philosophical. "What *was* there," he declaimed, "was *good*!"

THE musical connection between this ditty and Opera at Covent Garden may be slight. But I am always reminded of it whenever for two months or so the beautiful old theatre ceases to be a cinema or a cheap *palais de danse*. Of Covent Garden, indeed, we may say, echoing the words of another music-hall song, that "It's all right in the summertime." We have so little, so very little Opera in London, but what *is* there is *good*.

YOU would not think so from reading about it. The expert writers are, for the most part, enthusiastic neither about Opera nor any other form of music. Sir Herbert Tree said of dramatic critics that they are "tired men who hate the theatre." But no dramatic critic ever hated the theatre as the average musical critic hates music. He does not even write much on that subject, though he will turn out columns about his fellow critics, in whom (no editor as yet has appeared to realise this) not half a dozen readers take the faintest interest.

LAURITZ MELCHIOR

FROM the musical critics, therefore, as a body—for there are exceptions—Covent Garden receives but languid attention and faint praise considerably watered down by observations that this particular opera is done ever so much better in Vienna or Munich or Paris or Milan or New York, or any place, in fact, so long as it is foreign.

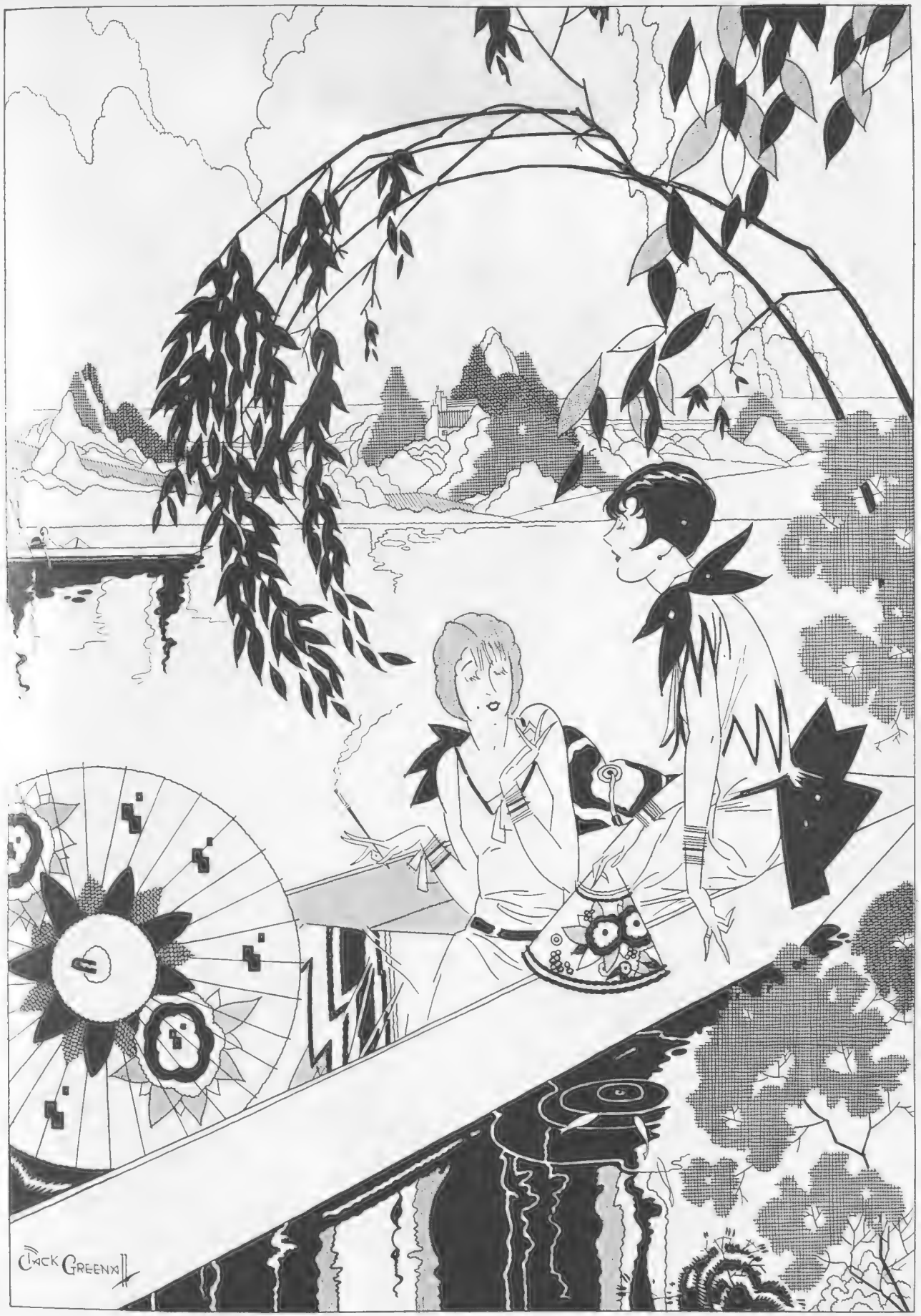
BUT what are our assets at Covent Garden? There must be some, for the people who support it are not half-wits. I think I am right in saying that this Season, so far, not a seat has been vacant on any night—and the stalls cost uncomfortably near £2 apiece. Cheap seats, save in the comparative sense, do not exist. Some patrons cheerfully wait outside the theatre for twelve hours, or even twenty-four. Others, with less leisure, nevertheless manage to arrive in stalls and boxes, often as little as half an hour late, in the middle of the afternoon, and remain, stewing in Wagner, until, with few intervals, close on midnight. The Opera *is* an important part of the London Season, whatever the scoffers may say. I have heard the dress of female stallites criticised, and the presence of "dowdy old women" noted. You will find at Covent Garden at present just as many smart young girls of the diamond bracelet gang as you do at the Embassy; more, in fact, because there's more room for them.

LOTTE LEHMANN

NOT the least asset, I think, is the building. Covent Garden is an ancient theatre; yet it has (perhaps because it is ancient) a spaciousness and an indescribable dignity. Drury Lane had this until it was rebuilt into a sort of super-picture palace and lost every scrap of personality and atmosphere. Most important—Covent Garden is acoustically superb.

AS to the performances, we have had nearly two cycles of *The Ring*, with an orchestra that, as Herr Bruno Walter, the conductor, has observed, is unrivalled in any part of the world. Of course, there have been flaws. New scenery is very badly needed. The staging of *Gotterdammerung* is ludicrously poor; but then Wagner made it humanly impossible to stage it adequately. The lighting is not good; far too much seems to take place in semi-darkness. And one or two singers have disappointed.

ON the other hand, we have that incomparable singer-comedian Richard Mayr in the magical *Rosenkavalier*, and in Lotte Lehmann, Frida Leider, Eduard Habich, Lauritz Melchior, Fredrich Schorr, and Ivar Andresen artists of deservedly international reputation. It is not true that "everything in the (Covent) Garden's lovely." But if the approaching Italian season is as good as the German *vorspiel* it will be good hunting.



BY JACK GREENALL

"Do you know I'm engaged to Frank, Dolly?"
"That's great. I've always said a ring on the finger is worth ten on the 'phone"

Gossip

By Chicot

"I hear you've just come back from Paris. Now, tell me, what is the Folies Bergères *really* like?"

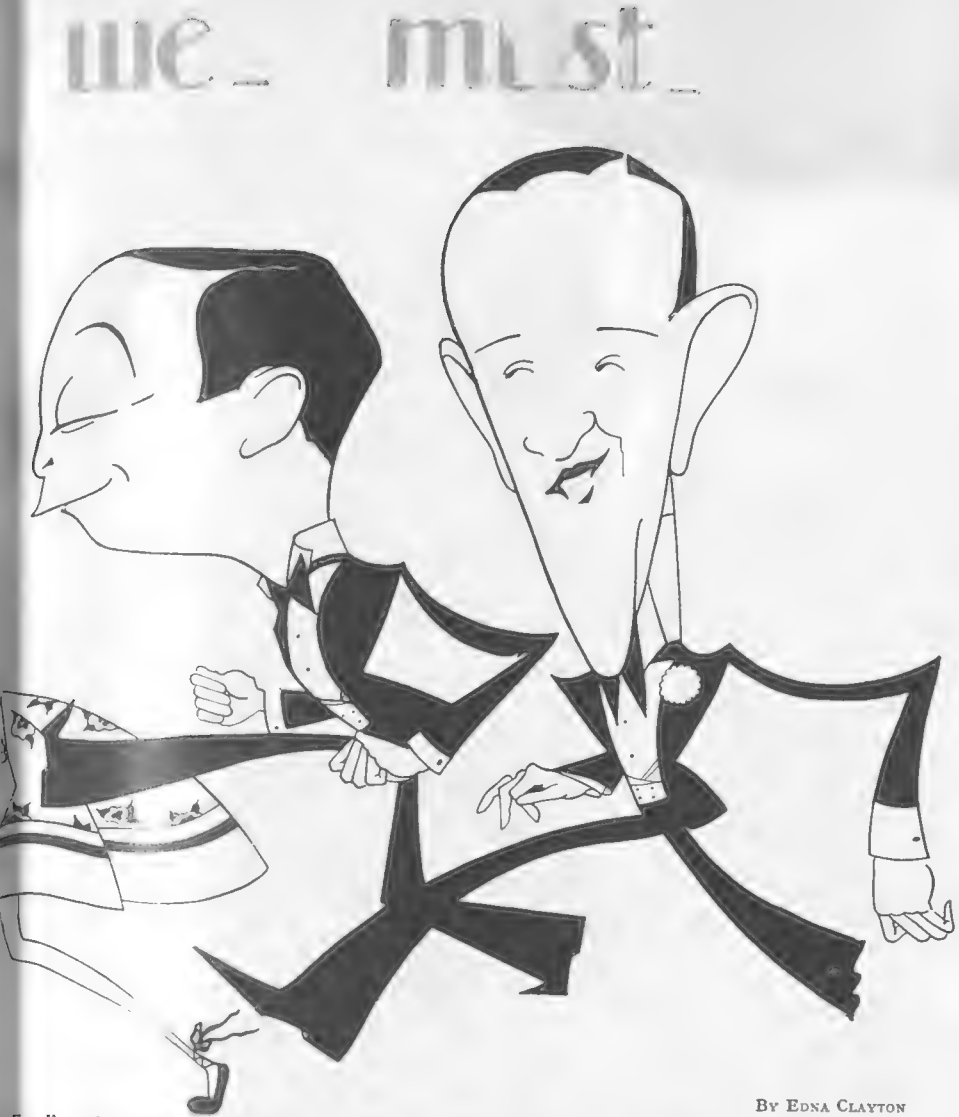
THE Opera continues at as high a level as I have ever known it musically, and socially it is not far behind, though its distinction in this respect cannot be gauged from the names on the neat little cards attached to the grand tier boxes. We have had a disappointing Brunnhilde in Elisabeth Ohms, whose name is suggestive of electricity and Income Tax demands. And Erik Enderlein was so poor as Tristan that Lauritz Melchior, who had been all through the ardours of Siegfried and thoroughly deserved a rest, had to take his place at the second performance. But the orchestra, Freda Leider, and all the basses and baritones have been superb. Lauritz Melchior is the best tenor in German opera we have had for years. Perhaps that is because he is not a German but a Dane, and perhaps, too, his Danish nationality accounted for my finding him last July wandering about Bayreuth in Bavarian peasant's costume. He is a plump and genial soul, and speaks good English, and one of his closest friends is Hugh Walpole, who attended *The Ring* every night.

Two members of the Bodenweisen troupe of dancers who will be seen at the London Coliseum during June. They come from Vienna and their dances are said to include a Slavonic Folk Dance performed in a lurid red atmosphere conveying an impression of mysteriousness. However, as they have a big reputation, London audiences are not likely to see red metaphorically as well as literally

ARNOLD BENNETT, much thinner and much greyer, has also been at the Opera fairly frequently. *Judith* from the Ghetto, of which he is responsible, will not be given until the end of the Season, because it has a Scythian ballet in it, for which the Diaghileff people will be required. Walter Widdop, who comes not from Scythia, but, I believe, Accrington, will be the tenor. Dr. Vaughan Williams, whose operas will, I hope, be heard at Covent Garden one day, was taking a dose of Wagner. Lady Oxford and Master Anthony Asquith have been regularly to the fore in the *entr'actes*.

Many stallites still refuse to arrive in time. True, the operas start early, and the approaches to the theatre, always difficult, are torn up, barricaded, and given over to the mercy of the pneumatic drill—such is the infinite wisdom of the authorities—the moment the Season opens. But it is always possible to be in one's seat before the rise of the curtain if one makes an effort and has any regard for the comfort of other people. At least a quarter of an hour every night is interrupted by gasps of agony as toes are being trodden on, and by the flash-lamps of the attendants, flitting

An impression of Leslie Henson as he appears in "Fred Astaire. Leslie Henson has been associated with



By Edna Clayton

Face," at the Winter Garden Theatre, supported sinister and dexter by those nimble dancers, Adele and comedy at this theatre for so long that he must have forgotten there are any theatres west of Drury Lane

like fireflies and conducting programme-selling transactions with whispering and changeless late-comers

S

IT is time that a definite move was made to get the words of "God Bless the Prince of Wales" generally known. It is not a bad tune (though rather like "Keep the Home Fires Burning"), but hardly anybody can ever sing any of it except the last line. At nearly every public dinner it now follows ("Up we get again!") the National Anthem, with something like the following effect. With confused murmurings one starts off:—

"Ti tumpty tum tum tum tum,
Ti tumpty tum tum tum,
Ti tumpty tum tum tum-tum,

(Then *omnes* with terrific emphasis)

GOD BLESS THE PRINCE OF WALES."

If the health of His Royal Highness, who is himself supremely indifferent to that melody, is to be given with musical honours, it is worth while

Planet News

Appearances to the contrary, the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mrs. Churchill are not seen leaving a prison van as the result of a raid ordered by the Home Secretary. Mr. Churchill is far too busy for anything but politics, and the van is merely of the cinema variety and was examined by the Chancellor after making a "talkie" film for election purposes

S how to

THE Labour Party has long been smugly jubilant about what is going to happen on May 30, particularly through its journalistic mouthpiece, which promises the Millennium and then some in the event of a Socialist victory. I wish that journal would, by way of celebrating its triumph, abstain from commenting adversely (in the true spirit of the "comrydes") on the grammar of other scribes, and for the space of a whole month talk of

a "blow" that is not a "smashing blow,"
an "attack" that is not a "slashing attack,"
something being "clear" that is not "crystal clear,"
something being "ripe" that is not "rotten ripe,"
a "reply" that is not a "stinging reply,"
an "injustice" that is not a "gross injustice,"
"workers" that are not "downtrodden workers,"
and
"workers" who are not "downtrodden capitalists."

S

TALKING of capitalists, bloated or unbloated, Mr. J. H. Thomas sat among a few at a hospital dinner I attended at the May Fair the other

A ARSAL

A young English player who has ... d form lately. She was the runner-up in the Ladies' Singles in the Hard Court Championships at Bournemouth, being beaten by the South African lady champion, Miss E. L. Heine, 6—4, 3—6, 8—6, in the final

Sport and General

night. He had Lord Ashfield two away from him and Mr. Selfridge just opposite. "There's Gordon Selfridge," he said in his appeal for funds, "I'm going to get £11,000 out of *him*!" He did not, for the total contribution from bloated capitalism during the evening was £6,600, which, after all, is not a bad dinner-table collection. Mr. Thomas and Lord Ashfield, apparently, used to sally forth to work in the days of their youth with dinner-baskets, and are on "Jim" and "Albert" terms.

THE former told a story of how he asked his old friend to reinstate an engine-driver who had been dismissed. Lord Ashfield saw the man, but did not do as he was asked for a variety of reasons, and complained that the man "treated me with silent contempt." Mr. Thomas repeated this charge to the engine-driver, who replied, "Why, I never spoke a b——y word!"

THE approach of the General Election is adding to the nuisance of London's noises in peculiar fashion.

"I always think sculpture must be the most difficult
"Oh, no. All you have to do is to get a block

A Pont Street resident tells me he was disturbed the other evening by the sound of shouting. Was it a gramophone left out of doors? No. A loud speaker, perhaps, which some inconsiderate pest had made louder than ever? No. The mystery was solved by an ascent to an upper window, from which was visible, in the garden next door, a man shouting at, apparently, nothing and *for* nothing, with a full-length mirror propped up against the wall. It was a Conservative candidate practising and watching his deportment. He was wise not to practise in his own constituency.

PEOPLE are lunching earlier and dining later—or not dining at all and having supper instead. The Splendide, which took some little time to get going, is now in full swing, and even as early as one o'clock it is difficult to get a table at Soso's, where everyone seems to meet after Bond Street shopping. The Duke of Marlborough was there the other day,

By Treyer Evans

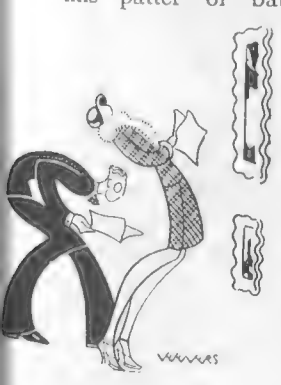
Disgruntled Lady: "I really can't see a thing! No wonder they call these seats futiles!"

By Starr Wood

of all the Arts."
marble and chip away all the bits you don't want!"

and at one of the sofa tables was Sir Arthur Pinero, whose eyebrows are black and ageless. His new play is said to be completed, and there have been rumours of its production for nearly eighteen months now. But it remains mysterious. Sir Arthur's last effort was an admirable one-act play which was the only bright spot in a recent disastrous season of Grand Guignol.

The brightest notion for some time is that of the small Etonian who has engaged the services of a Press agent—or, as it is the fashion now to call him, a publicity manager. So far the most fervid activities on the part of the man of push and go have resulted in not a line. The *bon mots* of his youthful employer have had to go unrecorded; the world at large remains ignorant of his plans for August, his taste in clothes, and his opinion of the modern girl. But this patter of baby feet on the social ladder is very affecting.



I shall not tell you what I think of this year's Royal Academy. That had better be left to the real experts. Here are the opinions of two of them:

'D[illegible]
Youth shu[illegible]'
So now we know [illegible] out [illegible] Royal Academy.

"Humanity is the way to acquire popularity," remarked the First Lord of the Admiralty at the annual lunch of the Hotels and Restaurants Association of Great Britain—a remark which, as Oscar Wilde said, "is perfectly phrased and quite as true as any sentence in civilised society ever need be." As a matter of fact, Mr. Bridgeman hit the nail on the head (with a marlin-spike or a belaying-pin) very neatly, for in the business of hotel and restaurant management the human touch is a key to success.

I have known vast establishments where one is not an individual but a number, where there are as many rules as there are at an industrial school; but these happen to flourish only because in London there are not enough hotels even yet, and, at any rate in the Season, someone is always harrying about in a taxi from pillar to post in search of a bed.

"It is the foreign visitors," said Mr. Bridgeman, "to whom the touch of *personal* welcome will particularly appeal." *C'est vrai* (this for the benefit of our French visitors—if any).

The Prince of Wales was mightily amused at the inconsistent "Bolshy" in the sketch in *Wake Up and Dream,* who, after his down-with-all-kings tirade, salutes the colours "cos I know the bloke wot carries 'em." He was right at the back of his box and very few people saw him. But the Duke and Duchess of York and Prince Olaf and his bride came in for much attention. I notice, by the way, that the Prince when he visits a theatre nowadays almost invariably sits in a box; a few years ago, when he was going to revues at the Little Theatre or the Vaudeville about a dozen times apiece, he preferred the stalls. Sir George Dance was in the stalls on this occasion and had bought seats for a dozen friends, including Brighton's M.P. So this Cochran revue is obviously doing very well indeed.

Half-way through the show the Prince of Wales asked someone to ring up the Splendide and book a table for six for the cabaret supper. An evening of right royal entertainment.

ALL DUE!

The rent is due, the rates are too;
Gas, Light and Coke—the bill's no joke—
Electric light; that's big all right!
The butcher's bill's a nasty pill.
And here is one someone's begun
"Dear Sir,—Unless—" Oh, what a mess.
For, overdrawn and all forlorn,
What can I do now they're all
Due, eh?

Nature will soothe with fingers smooth
My fevered soul and make it whole.
This very morn I'll pace my lawn,
Then flower and tree will drive from me
All thoughts of debt and I'll forget
When morning's new those bills now due.

* * *

There is no doubt my luck is out!
Escape there's none. The early sun
Brings thoughts to me of £ : s. : d.
It gleams on grass which is, alas,
All bright to view because that too's all
Dewy! B. W.

Berinoff and Eulalie, two acrobatic dancers whose work has created a big sensation. They were appearing recently at the Palladium

An Impending Apology

MISS JULIET WISE TO MARRY.

Evening Standard headline.

FILM NOTES

MARY [illegible] CURLED—VAMP

By LADY ELEANOR SMITH

MARY PICKFORD is easily the most interesting and remarkable woman in the film business. In all histories of the cinema her name is the only feminine one to leave any impression whatsoever upon the mind of the reader. It is certainly true that she literally grew up with the movies. But then so did the Gishes without leaving more than a vague and appealing memory of two little girls who were so alike that Griffith, to distinguish them, insisted upon dressing one in pink and the other in blue. Mary Pickford, who also possessed a sister, required no such mark of identity. From the very first, as actress, personality, bread-winner, and shrewd business woman, she made her mark, standing out vividly in the history of the cinema as one of the most arresting figures produced by what people soon began pompously to refer to as "the New Art."

LONG ago, when the screen-actress was of no more dramatic importance than the animated figures we see to-day in Brighton peepshows, Mary somehow managed to have her own public. "We want to see the little girl with the curls," said these pioneer fans, and persisted until their wish was gratified.

FOR many years now Miss Pickford has romped across the screens of the world in socks and gingham pinafores and with a mane of ringlets hanging down her back. For a long time she was sole queen of this new empire, and then, gradually, more glamorous and exotic personalities came to drive Mary from her kingdom. At first it was Nazimova and Gloria Swanson, then, later, such diverse actresses as Pola Negri, Colleen Moore, Clara Bow, and Greta Garbo. The fans began to lose their interest in good little girls with yellow curls, and it is no secret that, just before the advent of the Talkies, Mary Pickford was contemplating retirement. She

Two scenes from "Coquette," the talking film in which Mary Pickford appears for the first time in a part other than that of a sweet little che-ild. She is seen above as Norma, a Southern belle with a capacity for flirting, on her way downstairs to attend a ball and at the ball itself

Holt, who plays lead in "Submarine," the film now being shown at the Marble Arch Pavilion

the [illegible]ght that there was no place for her on the screen of to-day.

WITH her usual acumen, however, she was not long in perceiving that this new experiment gave her the opportunity she had long been awaiting of completely changing her film personality. Whereupon she shingled her hair, bought a trousseau of Paris frocks, and acquired the cinema rights of "Coquette," a play which apparently ran with great success in New York.

THE story of "Coquette" is one of almost unrelieved gloom. A young Southern belle amuses herself by flirting with one admirer after another until she falls madly in love with a primitive young man who dwells in a cabin far away up in the mountains. Her father will not hear of an engagement between the two, but she defies him and motors off to visit her lover late at night in the mountains. I am told that in the play Norma, the girl, afterwards admits to her father that she has been the mistress of Michael; Miss Pickford, contenting herself with a bowdlerised version of the story, assures her parent that her visit to the cabin was entirely innocent. In any case, the result of the discovery is the same; the old gentleman, proving to be something of a sceptic, rushes off into the mountains with his revolver and shoots Michael dead, afterwards giving himself up to the police. He stands his trial for murder, and his daughter, although she loves the dead man, commits perjury by blackening his name and her own in a vain attempt to justify her beloved father's action.

[illegible] fi[illegible] g[illegible] [illegible]all [illegible] tremely h[illegible]ty and instead of accepting his daughter's sacrifice with proper gratitude Norma's father disobligingly blows his brains out there and then in the court-room. This, in the play, should have been the signal for Miss Pickford's suicide, thus exterminating the entire trio; in the film she trudges bravely home, announcing that she is going to help her brother with his algebra, although in view of the appalling mess in which she had just involved the whole family I should have imagined the youth to be but little inclined for any further assistance on her part.

WITHOUT Miss Pickford the tedious gloom of this story would be well-nigh unbearable; fortunately, she is never long absent from the screen, and in her competent and experienced hands the lay-figure that is Norma assumes a certain amount of life. She is specially successful in the scenes after her lover's murder, when she accuses her father in a wild outburst of grief and fury. As a *tour de force* this tiger-cat exhibition is of no small interest, since it serves to prove that the World's Sweetheart has every right to deserve recognition as an emotional actress of some merit.

JOHN SAINPOLIS is excellent as the father, although he will always, perhaps, be best remembered as the blind husband in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." Johnny Mack Brown, as the lover, contrives to be completely inaudible from start to finish.

THE last Film Society performance was one of interest and pleasant variety. Not the least remarkable item on the programme was an effort for which the Stoll Studio technical staff were responsible, a clever and amusing skit of "The Spy," hastily fabricated to wile away an idle hour or two. The satirical humour of this excellent jest leads one to expect much from the Stoll film-makers in the future.

A POLISH producer, Kirsanoff, contributed an original if somewhat depressing short film, "Brumes d'Automne," in which scenes of misty, melancholy autumn countryside are supposed to correspond to the mood of the one character, a woman who has been deserted by her lover. The photography of this sketch is exquisite.

THE big film of the afternoon, "The Marquis of Bolibar," is far superior as a spectacle to most British films. It is well produced and brilliantly acted, although it suffers from too much plot, and would be vastly improved by drastic cutting. It is a story of the Peninsula War, and makes a gallant attempt to tell two complicated stories in one. The fighting scenes are splendid, and first-class performances are given by Jerrold Robertshaw, Hubert Carter, and Elissa Landi, who, if she lived in America, would undoubtedly be a star of the very first magnitude. E. S.

Jack Holt (left) and Ralph Graves in a scene from "Submarine." This film, which is described as an "undersea melodrama," provides some wonderful spectacles of naval work

A WORD WITH WORTH

By OLIVE CALEY SMITH

M. JACQUES WORTH

As seen by George Whitelaw, who has captured the expression of energy which is one of his most vivid characteristics. In the intervals of guiding the destinies of the famous House of Worth he has been a soldier, a doctor, and a tennis champion. He is also the President of the Chambre Syndicale de la Couture, which is the Supreme Court of the great Parisian couturiers

WHEN, eighty-three years ago, Charles Frederick Worth left his native England for France, and there founded the famous House of Worth, and the Chambre Syndicale de la Couture, he made for himself a name which will live for ever in the annals of the greatest *couturiers* the world has ever known. But he did more than that. He passed on to his two sons, Jean Philippe and Gaston, his own creative and artistic temperament. Jean Philippe succeeded him as the designer, for as he grew up Gaston developed a *flair* for finance, and it was he who established the fortunes of the house. When he married he also had two sons, Jacques and Jean Charles, who in their turn inherited undiminished the outstanding qualities of their brilliant father and grandparent. One becomes acutely conscious of this when talking to M. Jacques Worth.

TALL and athletic, with a jovial, almost rougish, expression, his English ancestry is plainly discernible. It is the vivacity of his features and the eloquence of his gestures which proclaim his French blood. Incidentally, he is a born raconteur. I do wish you could hear the stories he tells and the inimitable way in which he tells them! It is his brother Jean Charles who now designs the dresses. Incidentally, he is also an artist in interior decoration. For himself, Jacques has always been vividly interested in surgery. As a young man he actually took his degree, and to-day he runs several charities in connection with the French hospitals. International politics have a fascination for him, and it has been often said that he would have no difficulty in carving out a distinguished career for himself in this sphere if he so desired. But it is in the pursuit of sport and music that he is happiest. He is an accomplished violinist, and has been the amateur tennis champion of France. His chief delight when he is over here is to play in tournaments at Queen's Club.

IF there is one thing about which Jacques is inclined to boast it is that he is partly English, for he is an ardent admirer of our countrymen. "England is a man's country," said he, in a discursive mood. "Nowhere else in the world can men's clothes be cut as they are in London. Nowhere are such boots and hats to be found."—"And Paris?" I murmured. "Can only the women of Paris be really and truly *chic?*"

"CERTAINLY not!" he emphatically declared. "That is a virtue truly cosmopolitan. A smart woman is smart, no matter in what country she may be. Colour and fabrics are, of course, governed by the climate, but the line—that indefinable something which is everything—is the same in every place." "And it is created in Paris!" said I. "Which brings me to the most intriguing of all problems How *are* fashions made?" Whereupon Jacques gave a wonderfully expressive shrug, raised his eyebrows, and "How can I tell?" he countered. "Fashion is always in the air; it is never concrete. Now listen! When I want to order good food I call for the menu. After I have seen what there is I go down and interview the *chef*, and when we have discussed things he sends up a well-planned and delicious meal. Then, when all the dishes have been tried, I see him again and tell him of the suggestions that I and my guests have to make. Perhaps just a *soupçon* of pepper here, a *little* less spice there; and so perfection is achieved. With fashion it is just the same. Women dress to please men, and so both must approve before any style can enjoy a vogue."

IT is not every day that one can persuade Jacques to talk of clothes. And so, "What is the greatest of dress secrets?" I demanded. "Attention to every tiny detail," was the unhesitating verdict "And can Englishwomen achieve true *chic?*" "*Mais naturellement,*" came the sincere reply. "They are the most beautiful women in the world. In fact . . . that is, perhaps, what makes it so difficult for them . . . ah, so difficult . . . for if your girls were not so pretty maybe they would have a better appreciation of the value of clothes!"

BY YUNGE

TURKISH DELIGHT

PLAYS OF THE HOUR

"BAA, BAA, BLACK SHEEP," "THESE FEW ASHES"

Reginald Gardiner as the lofty Osbert Bassington-Bassington holds a critical inspection of the fair but snuffly little Cockney, Emily Pottle (Diana Beaumont). A scene from the amusing farce, "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep," at the New Theatre

Clarice Hardwicke and Henry Kendall, as Chickie Buff and Hugo Bonsor, having surreptitiously taken cloth, take a hand at domestic work and prepare a meal in another amusing scene from "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep." Top left: Kenneth Vail (Owen Nares) finds, after many experiments the girl he really loves in Janet Trent (Grace Wilson). An incident in "These Few Ashes" at the Duke of York's Theatre

"LITTLE ACCIDENT" and "HER PAST"

rican customs loom large in "Little Accident," the farce at the Apollo tre. Above: Lynne Overman, the hero, seen centre, is hurriedly arting after a wedding "rehearsal" at the bride's house. What took away so hurriedly was the discovery that he had been made a very worried father without benefit of Clergy

Violet Vanbrugh and Alice Delysia engage in a little passage of arms in "Her Past," the comedy now playing at the Prince of Wales's Theatre

Above is seen Martha Lorber, the attractive young actress who is playing in "Little Accident" at the Apollo Theatre. She takes the part of the lady who was largely responsible for the little accident with all its ensuing complications

Kodacolor

You can now make your own movies in FULL COLOUR — *with a Ciné-Kodak*

A wonderful new 'Kodak' invention has made it just as easy to make *colour* movies at home as ordinary black-and-white pictures. Just think of the joy of making films of your children at play, of the many interesting incidents that happen in your life in the surroundings you know and love so well—*and showing them in the glorious colours of nature, faithfully reproduced in every tint and shade!*

After years of costly experiment the Kodak Company have produced this greatest wonder of photography. With a Ciné-'Kodak' Camera (lens *f* 1.9), fitted with a small Kodacolor filter and special Kodacolor film, the most inexperienced amateur can make perfect motion pictures in colour. Then they can be shown on your own screen at home with a Kodascope projector, with which you can also show famous 'star' films borrowed from the Kodascope Library. All the film is safety film, and it costs you nothing to have your reels developed and finished. Ask your nearest Ciné-'Kodak' dealer for a booklet and a demonstration.

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THIS YEAR'S PROBLEM PICTURE

BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

INNOCENT GUEST (*on being shown Mr. Blankety Blank's R.A. Society portait of hostess*):
"Who on earth is it meant for?"

LORD DEWAR "UP" at th

Our artist's impression of a Lucifer Club dinner in progress. The Lucifer Club's main object is to provide playing facilities for C of golf. Sir Harry Greer, D.L., the chairman, is seen on his right, and the company includes such well-known personalities as

BY GEORGE WHITELAW

ne LUCIFER CLUB DINNER

Overseas golfers visiting this country, and Lord Dewar is seen above making one of his witty speeches, doubtless on the subject as Lord Lurgan, Sir Nicholas Grattan-Doyle, M.P., and Lord Ashfield. A full key to all the names is on page 387

When Summer Comes

Announcement of the Southern Railway of England.

THE NEW "GOLDEN ARROW"

The "Golden Arrow Limited" en route to Dover from Victoria. S.R. "Nelson" class locomotive.

LONDON & PARIS IN 6 HRS. 35 MINS.

ON May 15th next the new and accelerated "Golden Arrow Limited" all-Pullman service between London and Paris via the shortest sea route, Dover-Calais, will be brought into operation. This service will enable the journey time between the two capitals to be reduced to 6 hours 35 minutes. In the first place, a glance at the revised time-table on the previous page will show that the departure time from London (Victoria) is later, making it more convenient for Londoners and those who have come over-night from other parts of the country. Secondly, a gain of 20 minutes on the outward journey and of 40 minutes on the homeward journey will be made, these accelerations being secured by the reduction of time allowed at port.

Altogether the new "Golden Arrow Limited" will be the most comfortable and speedy service between the two capitals that has ever been achieved.

The Pullman coupés are a great favourite with travellers.

Here is one of the British-made coaches of the "Flèche d'Or" at Calais.

Lunch is served to you in the "Flèche d'Or" in quiet and comfort without change of seat.

LA NOUVELLE "FLECHE D'OR"

Announcement of the Southern Railway of England.

LA NOUVELLE "FLECHE D'OR"

The Southern Railway's new oil-burning cross-channel steamer, "Canterbury," 3,100 tons, to work in the new "Golden Arrow" service.

NEW CROSS-CHANNEL COMFORTS

Here is the "Fleche d'Or" leaving the quay at Calais immediately after the arrival of the steamer.

UNDOUBTEDLY the most striking feature of the revised service is the arrangement by which a new cross-channel steamer, the "Canterbury," will be allotted to this service, and will leave the respective ports within a few minutes of the arrival of the "Golden Arrow" train, instead of waiting, as hitherto, for the following second portion. In this way time will be saved at the ports and much greater comfort will be available on the ship, as the numbers (about 250 to 300) will be limited to those using the "Golden Arrow" service.

The "Canterbury," built by Messrs. Wm. Denny Bros., of Dumbarton, is 3,100 tons, oil-burning, and the very last word in cross-channel ship construction. She has every possible convenience that has yet been thought of, including a great number of private de luxe cabins, sheltered alcoves, spacious decks and a Palm Court.

An innovation on the "Canterbury"—The Palm Court.

This picture of the new vessel shows the comfortable arm-chairs on the sheltered awning deck.

THE NEW "GOLDEN ARROW"

Announcement of the Southern Railway of England.

Announcement of the Southern Railway of England.

PARIS GOSSIP

ART, SPLEEN AND CHEESES

By JAY MARTIN

Illustrations by SCHUS

WELL, here I am with the Spring Salon staring me in the face, and I cannot pluck up enough courage to see it. For I am told six thousand paintings are on exhibition, out of which I would be bound to turn up my nose at five thousand nine hundred and ninety-three, so that I would come out of the Grand Palais looking like one of the guards of the Czar Paul, who ordered all his guardsmen to have their noses broken and turned upward just because he had a pug-nose himself. Such egoism! So I compromised and went to the Salon des Humoristes at the Palais de Glace.

ENTERING the building I nearly went downstairs to put on my skates, then remembered that the skating season is over, and Art is all over the place.

THIS year the Humoristes are in the little round building under the trees in the Champs Elysées, which is a vast improvement on the old gallery in the Rue la Boetie. There are naughty drawings, such as one sees in *La Vie Parisienne*, and beautiful illustrations in colour by Marty, such as one sees in *Vogue*, and fascinating black-and-whites by Iribe. There are drawings by the young Pol Ra, the creator of the delicious dogs Ric and Rac, who are a wire-haired fox and a Scotty. Ric and Rac (you can buy little stuffed ones, too, all over town) have the most gorgeous expressions, and say the most amusing things, some of them pretty fresh.

"You should dash over and kiss her hand"

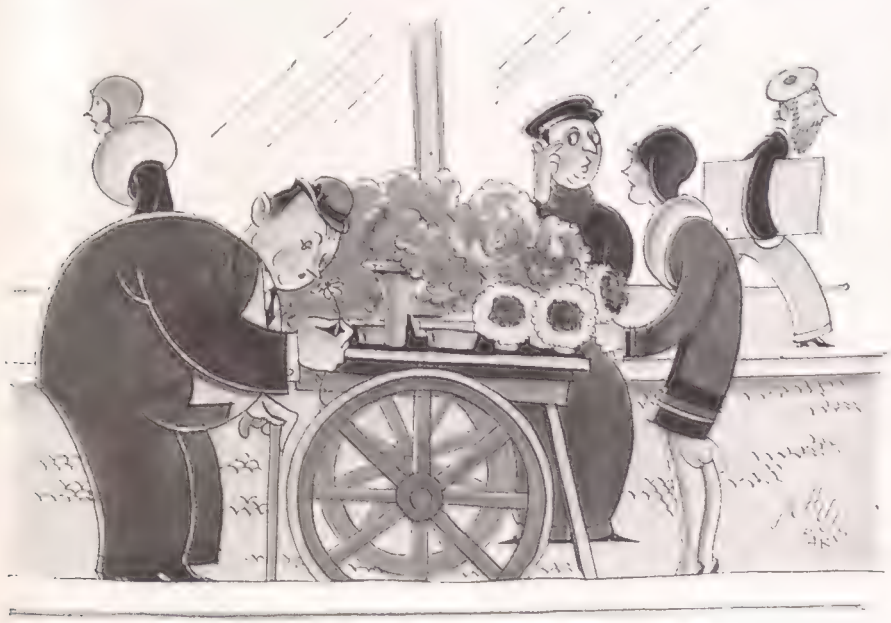
IN this cynical and silly Salon are lovely colour compositions by my favourite Hervé Baillé, and marvellous illustrations by Carlégle for a *de luxe* edition of *les nouvelles de Jean de la Fontaine*. There is a series by Lauvrier of two killing little sailors and their adventures with a couple of bottles of wine, or a game of cards, or a rope, or the invasion of a harem, that are so wonderfully drawn with such taste and humour and movement that I longed to buy them. And when out of an exposition of hundreds of illustrations, caricatures, and cartoons I long to buy something it must be pretty good, *n'est-ce pas*?

A SECTION of the exhibition is devoted to a retrospective show of the lithographs and drawings of Daumier that is worth a few hours alone, but I didn't have a few hours, because you know what Paris is. One can buy a set of reproductions of the late Willette's "Seven Sins." You can acquire all these sins for fifty francs; and as I could never get it through the old head what all the original sins are, now I know—*and* how! The Salon des Humoristes will be open until July. Oyez! Oyez!

I AM really quite tired of writing about Le Grand Ecart, and will never mention it again, because it is always so crowded that I don't want any more people even to hear of the place. The other night it was just terrible. While dancing with my partner we were adjacent (I guess that's as good a word for it as anything else) to a couple we know, and I said to the girl, "I shall be really very much surprised if by the time I get off the floor I won't be wearing your dress!"

JEAN HUGO, the artist, was there in a party with the Princess Faucigny-Lucinge (Baba d'Erlanger), but he looked rather uncomfortable at seeing me, and I really cannot blame him. Because the other day at an exhibition *chez* Maurice Sachs they were talking about fishing, and I said, "I really do not care for fishing because I am not crazy about fish." "You do not like fishing for fish?" asked Hugo. "No," I replied, "I would not mind if I were fishing for curried chicken, or even strawberries." So he looked a bit nervous, as though he could not understand why one goes to an Art exhibition and talks about fishing for strawberries.

BUT I really do not believe in talking shop even at an Art dealer's, because if you go to a party where



"That gentleman is a big cheese merchant down at Les Halles"

TO KISS OR NOT TO KISS?

International Graphic Press

Fougita, the famous Japanese painter (right), wearing female Japanese dress at the recent Three Arts Ball in Paris. Next to him is his wife, who has sat for many of his paintings

there are strawberries then you can talk about Art instead. As strawberries are still so expensive, why, then, in exchange, you can talk about Art, and as my opinions about Art are so valuable I do not feel under obligations to whoever is giving the party.

THE following evening I went to the Bœuf sur le Toit, which is always amusing, especially if Maurice Rostand is there, because he really is the funniest looking thing I've ever seen. But his feelings won't be hurt if he reads this, as he is quite proud of it. Then we went to Victor's for a while, as there are two American boys singing there who are too wonderful for words. They are called "The New Yorkers" (although one of them is from California, which is where most New Yorkers come from) and there used to be three of them, and once upon a time they sang in London at the Kit-Cat.

WHEN their turn is over at Victor's they go to Boiard's, then later to Casanova, so they have pretty busy evenings. With them is a Viennese girl who sings in three languages. Her name is Metternich, which intrigues me. I happened to be with a boy named Roger Pereire, the pictures of whose ancestors are in Volume II of "The Rise of the House of Rothschild," but they were no beauties. Anyhow, Roger is very intelligent and said that whenever there is a Conference in Europe cabaret singers spring up who can sing in several languages.

HE has seen, or heard, the same girls all over Europe where Conferences are being held: Geneva or Lausanne or Paris, and these singers are very often in the Intelligence Service. So I said that anyone who had to go to Geneva or Lausanne for any reason at all should have a little fun and be a spy if she felt like it. Of course, Roger didn't mean that this particular girl is a spy, although she does sing a lot in German. But even these blatantly American boys sing in German, and it peeved me a trifle. So when this girl sat at the piano and sang German songs, I said to Roger, "Now you should disguise yourself as a spy, and when she sings 'Ich küsse ihre hande, Madame,' you should dash over and kiss her hand, and maybe she will look embarrassed." "Or perhaps she will kick me in the face," said Roger. "What fun," I said, "then there will be a fight, and Victor will get some more publicity."

MAY 1 meant nothing in my life, except a few inconveniences and *muguet*. For there are strangely different aspects to Paris on May Day. A few lonely Communists do some howling in the streets for a few minutes, and then howl for a few days in prison. I missed all that. But the taxis stop running, the streets have a peaceful appearance, and everybody buys lilies of the valley as a *porte-bonheur*.

BEING unaccustomed to riding on trams (now she's boasting), I took the wrong line in order to arrive late for lunch at the Princesse Lucien Murat's. Before her house I was to meet a girl who had managed to come all the way from New York to Paris alone, but somehow was terrified at the idea of riding on a tram or subway from her own house to the Princesse Murat's. By the time she arrived I thought that perhaps she had turned Communist on the way and had gone to prison, and I was awfully relieved when she turned up, as she had not worn her red dress as probably she had read what happened to Lady Astor when she wore one. After lunch I found a tram directly in front of Princesse Murat's house, which took me home in no time at all, so I found out that I wasn't so clever myself.

A PROFITABLE example of mingling with the lower classes is this: the other morning I stopped before a flower-cart to buy some anemones. A man was buying some, too, who seemed to be quite friendly with the flower vendor. When he went off the vendor said to me confidentially, "That gentleman is a big cheese merchant down at Les Halles." "Really?" I asked in awe. "Yes, he is one of the most important cheese merchants in Paris." "Camembert?" I asked. "No, Port Salut," said the flower vendor. "It's not the season for Port Salut, so to-day he can leave Les Halles to have a little promenade." "Just think," I said, "here I am shopping along the Faubourg St. Honoré, and I can see a celebrity like that!"

I HAD only hoped to see Salm van Hoogstraten, because everywhere I've been for days I have seen him wearing a coat with a fur collar, and as this was such a bright morning I thought I would see him without it. I asked the flower man if he had seen Salm, but he had never even heard of him. So perhaps if van Hoogstraten will patronise this flower vendor, perhaps the flower man will point him out to people. J. M.

DEPART[illegible] DOINGS

BY WILL OWEN

The Controller of the Post Office Savings Bank reassures a nervous depositor

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

"AND NOW T... THE FATHER"

By Daphne du Maurier

Illustrated by STEPHEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.

THE REVEREND JAMES HOLLOWAY, Vicar of St. Swithin's, Upper Chesham Street, was looking at his profile in the glass. The sight was pleasing to him, so much so that he lingered a considerable time before he laid the mirror back upon the dressing table.

Women adored him; he was so broad-minded, so tolerant, and he always gave the impression that he understood them far better than they did themselves. Besides, he was always so delightfully intimate. Men found him a surprisingly good companion, his wine was excellent, he never talked about religion, and he even had a fund of damned amusing stories. It was all these qualities combined that made him the most popular preacher in London.

With his tall figure, his striking voice and eyes, his eloquent gestures, the whole effect was rather wonderful. People soon forgave him his High Church tendencies, and the celebration of Mass instead of the usual eleven o'clock matins. Also there was more to watch.

He was unmarried, of course, and yet there was always the hopeless terrible longing that perhaps one day—however, he had fallen for no one yet, though rumour, forgetting the sanctity of the Cloth, had linked his name with those of many beautiful and always noble ladies.

* * * *

As the Vicar replaced the glass upon the dressing table, and ran his hand carelessly, boyishly he considered, through his sleek grey hair, he smiled a little to himself. Yes, he had worn well, he was still a very good-looking man.

He went downstairs, and into his study. The room was large, and furnished in remarkable taste. On his desk was a large portrait of one of England's most beautiful actresses, on it was written "Jim, with my love, Mona," and the date of a summer two years ago.

The mantelpiece was adorned with her Grace of Attleborough, "Your very affectionate Norah," and on a little table by the window was a striking study of Lady Eustace Carey-Slater, and her dashing signature "Attaboy! from Jane." The Vicar ran through his letters, and then rang the bell for his butler.

"Any messages for me, Wells?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, Lord Bramleigh rang up, and asked to see you some time this morning. I told him to come over at once as you were not engaged."

While he was waiting for his visitor he let his eye run over the list of births, marriages, and deaths. By Jove, Kitty Durand was going to be married, and she had never told. He must send her a present he supposed, and a letter of congratulation. "Kitty, you wicked child, what's the meaning of this? You deserve to be spanked, only eighteen! Your *fiancé* is a lucky fellow, and I'm going to tell him so. Bless you both." Something like that would do, and a cocktail set from Goods. "Yes, Wells, what is it?" "Lord Bramleigh," said the butler, and closed the door behind a boy of about twenty-two with fair hair and a pleasantly weak face.

"The fact is, sir, I'm in the devil of a mess," he began awkwardly, "I hadn't the slightest idea who to turn to, and then I remembered you. Of course in the ordinary way I should never dare to ask the advice of a parson, but you're different. You're so—excuse my cheek, you're so, well, damn broad-minded!"

The Vicar's heart warmed to his usual praise. "I've been young myself once," he nodded sympathetically, and let his eyes wander vaguely towards the various photographs in the room.

"It's about a girl," Bramleigh went on. "A girl I met up at Oxford last term, just before the long vac. She was nobody, you know; just acted as companion to some old lady, and I met her first of all when I was fooling about on the river. She was with a friend and I was with another fellow so we all sort of chummed up. Well, after that I began to see her pretty often, and got desperately keen on her. Of course, I dare say I wouldn't have looked at her if I'd been in London, but up there it's different. She was mad about me, too, though I say it myself, and then—oh, Lord, I'm afraid I made a colossal ass of myself. Well, sir, I lost my head one night. I don't know how it happened, but

(All rights strictly reserved.)

it did—we were in a boat, ar
and——"

"I know," said the Vicar, h[illegible]
ing; I was at Oxford, too, over [illegible]

The boy smiled, it was being easier t[illegible]

"Well, you understand me, sir, I kind o[illegible]'t help myself. Then very soon afterwards we came down, and I didn't see her again. Last week I got a letter from her, it was pretty awful, and she said she was going to have a baby."

The Vicar sighed gently. "Yes?" he asked.

"Of course I arranged to meet her last Tuesday evening. I was in a terrible state, and said I'd give her money and help her to get away somewhere, but this is the awful part—she doesn't want money, she wants me to marry her."

The Vicar raised his eyebrows. "They always do. . . . And what did you say to her?" he inquired.

"Well, naturally, I said it was impossible. How [illegible]r, h[illegible]? She's pretty and sweet, but I'm [illegible]even a lady, and I don't really love her. W[illegible]c on earth would the family say? When [illegible] dies I come into the title, and I've got to [illegible] of that, though it sounds beastly snobbish. It would be madness to marry—you must see my point?"

"My dear fellow, of course I do. There shall be no question of marriage as far as I'm concerned. And you say she refuses money?" His tone was brisk now, alert, that of a shrewd man of the world.

"Absolutely, sir; she went white when I suggested it. She's still most awfully in love with me, and she doesn't seem to understand that I don't care any longer. If she goes to my people there will be the most colossal row; thank heaven she hasn't told a soul yet. Look here, sir; what on earth am I going to do?"

* * * *

THE Vicar was thinking rapidly. If he helped him out of this mess the boy would be very grateful. The family were rich, and the Earl of Hollersham was said to be in a wretched state of health. Bramleigh Castle was one of the beauty spots of England; he would be invited often, the Countess herself was an ardent politician—yes, everything would be comparatively easy. He rose from his chair and going over to the boy he laid his hand on his shoulder. "My dear Bramleigh," he said, "if you will trust me I am certain I can manage the whole wretched business for you. There is no need for your family to know; we have your future position to think of. As for the girl, she will understand the whole situation when I have tactfully explained it to her. I will look after her. Don't worry any more about it. All I want you to do is to give me her address."

"Mary Williams, sir. She's staying in a boarding-house in St. John's Wood; on the telephone under the name of Datchett; that's her sister, who keeps the place. Oh, good Lord! you are the greatest brick; I don't know how I'm ever going to thank you enough."

The Vicar smiled and held out his hand. "It's only because I understand so well what you have gone through," he said gently.

The man must have been a bit of a dog in his day, thought the boy; odd for a clergyman. "I think I'll try and get away for a bit until it's all blown over, but don't forget you've got to come down to Bramleigh directly I come back; we'll have a pot at the birds."

When he had gone the Vicar went back to his study. He looked up the number in the book, and lifted the telephone receiver.

He believed in doing things on the spot.

"Is that Mrs. Datchett's? Could I possibly speak to Miss Williams? Yes, thank you. Hullo? Is that Miss Williams speaking? My name is Holloway, James Holloway; I'm the Vicar of St. Swithin's, Upper Chesham Street. I'm a great friend of Lord Bramleigh's. He has just left me. Yes. Would you be so good as to come and see me this evening at six o'clock? I should very much like a little talk with you. I wish to help you. Yes, he has told me everything. No, you have nothing to be frightened

"'My dear child,' he began gently, 'I want you to look on me as—as an elder brother'"

"AND NOW TO GOD THE FATHER"

of. Then that is settled? Twenty-two Street. Thank you. Good-bye."

He hung up the receiver, and, wandering to his , he glanced at *The Times*.

Hullo! George Winnersly was dead, at last! He must write to Lola. She was getting a bit *passée* now, of course, but she was still lovely. Curious the way she went religious all of a sudden. Must have come as a sort of anti-climax. She was always at St. Swithin's at one time. He could remember once—however, that was all over.

He began to run over in his mind conventional phrases of consolation: "Immeasurably grieved," "unspeakable loss," and "the consolation of God."

He yawned a little as he took up his pen.

"My dear daughter-in-Christ," he began.

* * * *

"WILL you see a Miss Williams, sir?" said the butler, coming into the study shortly after six.

"Oh, yes, Wells; show her in. I was expecting her, but I forgot to tell you."

The Vicar finished a much-needed whisky and soda, and placed the empty glass in a small cupboard built specially for that purpose.

Mary Williams came into the room.

She was small and dark, and though she was not looking her best he could see that she was very pretty. She was neatly and simply dressed, and there were dark shadows under her eyes.

"Will you sit down," he said courteously.

The girl obeyed silently and waited for him to speak. He cleared his throat, the situation intrigued him. "My dear child," he began gently, "I want you to look upon me as—as an elder brother, as one who knows the world far better than you do, and who every day tries to do his best, alas! a very poor best, to lighten the responsibilities of those around him. And besides thinking of me as a brother, you must remember that I am a priest, and in that capacity I am capable of guarding over your spiritual as well as your earthly welfare."

He paused; the girl made no reply, but stared at him with scared eyes.

"And thus," he continued, "I want you to tell me in your own way the story that Lord Bramleigh told me this morning; and spare no detail, however irksome it may be to you," he added.

The girl blushed and lowered her eyes. "I first met Tommy one day last term," she began in a low tone. "I was with a friend; we had hired a boat; he must have told you all this already. I was a companion to a Mrs. Grey at the time, who lived in Oxford, and she went abroad alone as soon as the University went down for the vacation.

"Tommy and the other man spoke to us that day, because we were all sheltering under a tree during a heavy shower, and we soon got friendly, and laughed and joked together. We all had tea, I remember.

"Then we arranged to meet again, and afterwards I always went out with Tommy whenever I could get away. Very soon he told me that he loved me. I should not have listened to him, I suppose, but I could not help it, and when he kissed me for the first time I knew I loved him better than anything in the world. We used to make plans about all the wonderful things we would do in the vacation, and I thought—I didn't understand then—I thought he meant he wanted to marry me.

"Every day I think I loved him a little more, and then—the night on the river—I forgot everything when he began to kiss me.

"He told you, I expect—I don't know how it happened," she faltered.

The Vicar passed his hand over his mouth to hide his smile. Tame excuse—didn't know how it happened! Apparently not, or she would not be sitting there in front of him now.

"Yes?" he murmured, closing his eyes and sighing, "Yes?"

"A day or two after that Tommy went down. Mrs. Grey went abroad, and I stayed with friends [illegible] country. I wrote to him nearly every day, [illegible] I never had a reply. I couldn't understand why [illegible] didn't write; I was so certain that he meant [illegible] me. I began to feel wretched and unhappy at the same time, my friends told me I was looking pale.

"Still no news from Tommy, though I knew he was in London. I saw something in the paper about his having been to a dance somewhere. . . . Then I got to know . . . Somehow I didn't mind, I knew that Tommy would marry me now. I wrote to him, and went to stay with my sister in St. John's Wood. When I saw Tommy he told me that he couldn't possibly marry me. . . . You see, I love him so terribly, and I can't do without him—now." The Vicar saw that she was ready to burst into a flood of helpless tears.

"Now, my dear, don't worry, but try and control yourself. I want you to sit quietly while I explain everything to you. I am going to help you, and I understand more than anyone just exactly what you have been through. But at the same time you must realise that God put us into this world so that we should know both joy and sorrow. If our joy has been sinful, then we must pay for it with tears and suffering."

The girl stifled a sob, and bowed her head.

"As we sow, so shall we reap," continued the Vicar. "Has it never struck you that you were guilty in the first place by being so friendly with a young man of whom you knew nothing?"

"I never thought," stammered the girl.

"Of course not, but you must pay for that forgetfulness. You may not be aware of it, but if the world knew it would say that you had run after Lord Bramleigh, that you had visions of wealth, titles, and many other things beside."

"It isn't true, it isn't true," she gasped.

"Perhaps not, but if you told your story to anyone but me—to the boy's family, for instance—that's what they would say. They might even suspect that you are a girl of loose morals, and that to save yourself from prostitution you accuse a generous young man of being the father of a child that is not his."

"No! no! How can you say that?"

* * * *

"I AM only saying what the world would say, who is a very harsh critic. And then you must remember that Lord Bramleigh will very shortly become the Earl of Hollersham. He will be a leading figure in Society, he will have many duties and responsibilities, one of which will be to marry into some family as illustrious as his own. You say that you love him; do you wish to wreck his career? Can you not see that the greatest proof of your love will be to go straight out of his life at once, before you can damage it any further?" The girl was deathly pale now, and the Vicar was afraid that she might faint.

"Yes," she said slowly, after a long pause, "I understand you mean that I must give him up. What am I going to do?" She seemed quite stunned.

"I will see that you are amply provided for," replied the Vicar in deep, generous tones. "I know of two ladies who live in Wimbledon; they are gentle, humane creatures, and they will look after you until your trouble is over. When you are well again it would be better perhaps if you went abroad. I know of a missionary's wife in India, a charming sympathetic woman, who will take you as a companion."

"What about my baby?" asked the girl, with a queer frightened gleam in her eyes.

"That, of course, you must be prepared to give up also. The child shall be brought up in a beautiful home in Surrey, of which I am one of the governors. Surely you must see the need of this?"

The girl rose from her chair.

"Thank you for all your trouble," she said quietly. "I think I had better go now. I will write if I want anything."

The Vicar shrugged his shoulders. She did not seem

(Continued on page 372)

BY STAN TERRY

COLONIAL VISITOR (*at Theatre Ticket Agency*): "What is there in the way of a good racy show?"
GIRL CLERK: "The Censor, Sir!"

"AND NOW TO GOD THE FATHER" (continued from page 370)

particularly grateful to him. What more did she expect?"

"Good-bye, my child. I shall expect to hear from you in a few days then."

The door closed behind her. It had been a difficult interview, but it did not look as if she would bother Cranleigh any more.

The boy was well out of it, anyway. He had rung up in the afternoon and left a message that he was going over to Berlin by the night boat, and would probably stop there for about six weeks. He would soon forget the whole affair in Berlin. The Vicar glanced at the clock. Jove! he had no idea it was so late. He was due at the Duchess of Attleborough's little dinner dance at 8.15.

* * * *

THE next day, when he rose and went down into his study it occurred to him that he had not prepared his sermon.

He glanced through the Sunday paper at random in the hope of finding an inspiration.

There were two paragraphs that caught his attention, and disturbed him.

One was the copy of an article from a Socialist newspaper attacking smart Society women, declaring them to be mere expensive ornaments who had never done a day's work in their lives, and who generally lived in idleness, immorality and vice. The other was shorter, and ran thus:—

> The body of a young girl that was taken from Regent's Park Canal last night has been identified as that of a Miss Mary Williams, of 32, Clifton Road, St. John's Wood, by her sister, Mrs. Datchett, who had become alarmed at the girl's absence. It is believed that she stumbled in the dark and fell into the water, when walking home, and was drowned. The inquest will be held on Tuesday.

The Vicar stood silent for a while, his face white with emotion, his eyes gleaming

"But this is monstrously unjust," he cried aloud. He was thinking of the Socialist article. . . .

* * * *

ST. SWITHIN'S was always packed for eleven o'clock Mass on Sunday mornings.

Most people had their own pews, and those who had not generally found it difficult to get a seat at all. Large queues began to form about twenty-to-eleven. A little crowd would collect in front of the doors to watch the smart cars drive up and deposit exquisite women and immaculate men.

The church bells were among the finest in London, and the singing, of course, was famous.

Musicians would go for the anthem alone.

As soon as one entered the church one was aware of the pleasant drugged atmosphere; a mixture of heavy scented flowers and waves of incense filled the air. Then the organ would start, a deep sensuous throb, soft and low, whose sound would gradually swell louder until the plaintive notes echoed through the church and then lost themselves in a dim hushed whispering among the rafters in the roof. The sweet voices of the choirboys quavered, immeasurably high, amid the chanting of the tenors.

Then the Vicar would stand before the altar, a far-away, impressive figure in his vestments, guarded by a little crowd of boys in red, who bowed before him and shook incense in his face.

It was in his capacity of priest that he really found himself. He felt that he was a shepherd of souls, a saviour of humanity.

By Wilson Flemming

"I say—would you like to dance this fox-trot?"
"Oh, thank you so much!"
"Good! I'll go and try to find you a partner"

To-day, however, victory was to come to him in the pulpit. He ascended the stairway with the light of battle in his eyes.

His sermon was, indirectly, a defence of those beautiful women who had been so ruthlessly attacked by the Socialist article.

His text was superb. "Consider the lilies of the field, they toil not, neither do they spin."

From his first words his listeners were held.

A large number of the accused were present before him; he felt rather than saw the warm colour of pleasure mount into their cheeks.

They all hoped that he was addressing each one of them personally, and they inwardly registered the vow to include him among the list of their most personal friends.

He knew this; his triumph was complete.

Not a sound disturbed the full rich tones of that glorious voice; the very air was breathless.

The little curate sat with bowed head.

The doctor had said that his wife must go to Switzerland, her right lung was seriously affected, and unless she could enjoy the benefit of another climate he would not answer for her life. But Switzerland meant hundreds of pounds; how was he to afford it?

For a week he had not slept, his head was nearly splitting with the agony of thinking.

* * * *

AND he was overwhelmed with work at the moment, the Vicar had entrusted him with the whole business of the Bazaar in aid of Unfortunate Women. If only there were someone he could turn to.

He looked up, a subdued giggle drew his attention to the choirboys. They were playing noughts and crosses amongst themselves. He frowned at them, but they replied by staring rudely at his feet.

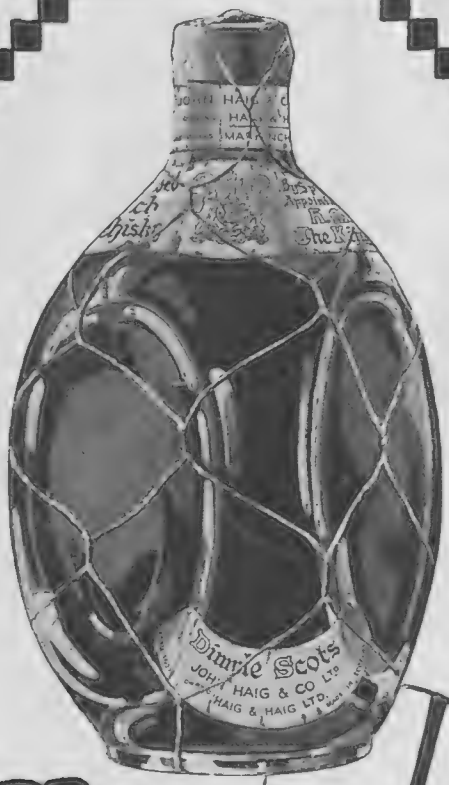
He flushed—he knew the soles of his shoes were through. Oblivious of them all the Vicar continued his sermon. He was drawing to the end now, he was finishing in a blaze of unparalleled eloquence. A sea of faces gazed up at him, the eager tools of his ambition.

Mary Williams was dead, he had forgotten her. . . . The people he knew were before him, they would repay him for his noble defence. Words of flattery, words of praise seethed through his mind. Almost dazed, he heard the torrent of sound pour from him.

He lost himself in the beauty of his own voice. At last he paused, he ended on a note of supreme victory. The world was his. With a final gesture he turned his triumphant head. "And now to God the Father . . ."

D. DU M.

All the characters in the foregoing story are entirely fictitious



Haig *Dimple*

I am the Haig bottle that is famous all over the world because I carry the finest whisky that ever left Scotland.

You have to pay a little extra per bottle above the ordinary price to get me. The reason is because of my wonderful contents. The best things always must cost a little more than the ordinary things, but the best people are always willing to pay that little extra.

This principle applies to horses, dogs, motors, pianos, perfumes, tin-tacks, and trousers.

When your friends see me on your table they know that you are complimenting them to the best of your ability. Tell your Restaurant and Hotel Keeper that you want "Haig"—nothing else will please you quite as well, I am proud to carry the finest stimulating drink in the world.

Haig

WHISKY

Sybil Thorndike as Lady Macbeth, one of her finest Shakespearian rôles

THE TRAGEDY OF SYBIL THORNDIKE

By HANNEN SWAFFER

SYBIL THORNDIKE is herself a tragedy. She lives in an age where there are no plays for her. She is the only tragedy queen, but she has no throne and Greta Garbo has stolen all her subjects. The universities pay her honour. Royalty nas acknowledged her greatness. Yet, where is the public? And where are the plays?

When you see her in *Mariners* you see the only inheritor of the tradition of great tragic acting. You see a distinguished player who is not too proud to strip herself of every shred of good looks and decent manners, one who, if the scene demands it, will jabber incoherently in a paroxysm of grief, rend her soul in tatters, and expose the uttermost depths of feeling until they seem repulsive under the searchlight of genius.

Only Sybil Thorndike would have the courage to-day to stage a play like *Mariners*. She must have known that it could not run. There is nothing pretty-pretty about it. No one wears the latest fashion. There are no cocktails. Only one woman smokes a cigarette.

YET it is a story of a woman's petty tyrannies told by Clemence Dane, a woman who can get underneath the skin of life, and with a womanly understanding; and, although it possesses three great acting parts, those in which Sybil, Lewis Casson, her husband, and Louise Hampton all play with real distinction—well, who cares anything about acting nowadays? *Mariners*, with its story of a noble clergyman harried into his grave by the slattern of a wife who mocks even his sanctity, is the most incisive study of womanhood limned for a year. Yet—what does London care?

Sybil Thorndike is so far in front of her compeers that she is out of date. So would Charlotte Brontë seem nowadays, and George Eliot, and Mrs. Humphry Ward. They render lip-service with a lipstick nowadays. Great women fought for women's equality, and now the women they fought for all want to go on the movies!

Yes, Sybil Thorndike's own life is itself a tragedy. She slaved hard to learn her job. She has played 118 parts in Shakespeare, male and female, walkers-on, and tragedy queens—everything in *Hamlet*, in fact, except the Moody Dane and King Claudius. Like Edith Evans, she worked on for many years for very little money, and, now that her powers are at their height—well, who wants tragedy, and who is there to write it, even if the public wished to go?

ONE night, you know, she was producing *Cymbeline* in Cardiff. It was the first time the play had been acted in England for years. Sybil was appearing in a part in which Ellen Terry once shone. Yet the chief paper of the Welsh city did not trouble to send.

When the manager called up and spoke to the editor he sent along a reporter, who merely looked at the playbill, and then composed from its contents a short paragraph of which nearly half consisted of the words, "Several scenes are laid in the Principality, and Mr. Lewis Casson, the producer, is a Welshman."

Now forty years ago, in Irving's great days, heavens! the shout there would have been!

Mind you, the report was right after all, for when it came to London, and I saw *Cymbeline*, I made the manager stop me from going in to see the second half, for I feared to think what I should have to write!

NOT long after Bernard Shaw wrote *St. Joan* for Sybil, and out of it they made £30,000. Since then Sybil has drivelled her share away, losing it all before she went to Africa. Yet her Lady Macbeth, at the Princes, was one of the greatest Shakespearian performances of recent years. Her death scene as Queen Katharine in *Henry VIII* has a tender beauty that will long be treasured in the memory of all who love beauty.

GREAT

STUFF

THIS

BASS!

A GREAT ACTRESS BUT NO GREAT PLAYS

As she appeared in Shaw's masterpiece: Sybil Thorndike as St. Joan

while, so successful was that play that, while it cost £6,000 to stage, she put it on at the Empire, a music-hall, at cheap prices, and then did what none of the business men of the theatre have ever done—paid off the cost of the production in two and a half weeks!

That is the greatest commercial feat ever performed by any actor or actress in the history of the theatre. Yet Sybil only did it because she loved Shakespeare!

THOSE who have seen Sybil Thorndike play Hecuba and Medea in Greek tragedy have seen the noblest flights of acting belonging to our time. At her best there is no living actress who can equal her. Then she is superb.

Have you ever seen one of those large lilies in an indoor lake at Kew? Its enormous leaves, of a pale greenness, and its large white bloom seem to fill the sight. Put it in a small room and it would look a blousy, swollen thing.

Sybil is like that. Her art must be displayed in spaciousness. Put it in a small frame and the picture fails.

THERE was a time, of course, when tragedy had its place on the English stage, when Mrs. Patrick Campbell, in *Magda*, could crowd a theatre for months; and when Pinero, with plays like *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* and *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith*, could tear the heart-strings and also tear open the purse.

Yet, when Sybil put on *Granite*, a really fine play by Clemence Dane, a story of a man and a woman whose tragedy grew out of the granite island on which they lived, it ran for about six weeks and lost £1,000. In *Advertising April*, which I considered a very stupid comedy, and in which Sybil was certainly at her worst, well, it ran, and there was a profit, and everybody was pleased. I was one of the few who liked *Judith of Israel*. In pre-War days its dignity of staging and its colour and background might have drawn London. It cost Sybil thousands.

CANNOT a modern playwright find in the chaos which we call civilisation one great theme which will provide chances for fine actors and actresses, teach us something and please the public at the same time? Is not every human life to-day a great story?

We are on the eve of a new epoch. Everything around us is changing. The old order passes under our eyes. The mighty have fallen from their seats. A new democracy has been born. Yet no one writes of it. No one utters a clarion call to nobler thoughts. There is no great acting to be done. Our younger playwrights write of the cocktail parties to which they belong. Our older ones have grown swollen with success.

IS not Somerset Maugham rich enough to cease, for a month or two, writing commercial dramas with some vivid sex scene dragged in to fill the box office? He has a fine brain, and he came from an early manhood where he saw suffering and toil. He was not born in a night club like some of them.

Has Barrie nothing more worth saying? Galsworthy does not write women's parts. Cannot one great woman character be made the symbol of all this change?

After all, Sybil Thorndike is first and foremost an artist. She has thought, all the time, only of her job. She does not possess a selfish thought. She has high intelligence. She has culture, and she has more enthusiasm than any actor or actress now upon the stage. She will make herself hideous or old or hunchbacked, if the occasion arises.

The tuft-hunters of the stage hate all that for which she stands.

I AM much concerned about the best people on the stage, and I am much concerned about the few good dramatists we have left. They are being battered about in an age for which only slick minds are needed, apparently.

Mary and Ann Casson are upon the stage, but, sometimes, I agree with the elder Casson boy.

"Are you going on the stage?" I said to him some years ago.

"No," he replied, "I prefer a man's job. I'm going to sea."

He went. H. S.

Sybil Thorndike as Lily Cobb in "Mariners," now running at Wyndham's Theatre

"However rich I were, I would never seek any better method of skin-care than Pond's. Their creams have been good friends to me, all the time I have been striving to 'come to the top' —and I am convinced that not all the money in the world could buy anything better."

Marjorie Mars

MISS MARJORIE MARS

Miss Marjorie Mars, who is remembered for her performance in the "Silver Cord," played a leading part in Matheson Lang's production of "A Chinese Bungalow" at the Duke of York's Theatre. Miss Mars lays particular emphasis on the indispensableness of Pond's preparations with regard to the hands. "It is so easy to protect the hands from the harsh effects of work and exposure," she declares.

"Pond's Skin Freshener alone is very useful in making the hands white and fresh looking, but I think the real foundation of lovely looking hands is the daily cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream, finishing off with Pond's Vanishing Cream. That is the method I depend on to prevent the skin of my hands from getting rough or harsh."

Miss Mars also spoke about the usefulness of Pond's Vanishing Cream in keeping powder on the face and preventing shiny patches. "It gives your skin an even, exquisite tone."

Pond's dainty Cleansing Tissues have completely won Miss Mars' approval. She likes their generous size and their filmy softness. "They wipe away and absorb in an instant all the dirt-laden cream," she says.

The Lovable Fragrance

Whatever the mood or the mode of the moment may be, the lovable fragrance of the Yardley Lavender will chime with it like music. As it was in 1770, so is it at my lady's dressing-table to-day—the best loved of all perfumes. Wistful. Winsome. Sweet and cool. And to the weary and the sick the very breath of solace and peace.

YARDLEY'S LAVENDER

Bottles from 16/6 to 2/6. Decanters from 21/-
Of all Chemists, Coiffeurs, & Stores

YARDLEY Established 1770 8 NEW BOND STREET LONDON

Fashions Fancies

LACE ENSEMBLES FOR ASCOT

Frocks are definitely longer. This will be very noticeable at Ascot, where, it is predicted, lace will predominate. A beautiful black ensemble from Marshall and Snelgrove is seen on the left. The sleeveless dress exploits a dipping hemline, and the coat has graceful tight-fitting sleeves. White organdi trims the large black picture hat

Boldly patterned ciré lace is effectively used for summer wraps. In the ensemble on the right it is allied with two shades of georgette, the deeper tone accentuating the delicacy of the new Sahara beige. Marten-dyed flying squirrel enriches the flared coat. The Bangkok hat has a curved transparent border to the brim

Photographs specially taken for THE BYSTANDER *at Marshall and Snelgrove's*

SUMMER HATS AND ENSEMBLES

A representative trio of summer hats. Straw, felt and stitched linen all play their part. They come from the Army and Navy Stores

Looking Ahead

IT has been very truly said that the secret of good dressing lies in never striking a discordant note. This can only be avoided if one carefully plans one's wardrobe, taking into consideration the things one is likely to do during the Season, and the places one is likely to visit. A well-cut tweed coat for travelling is indispensable. If a matching skirt is included in the *ensemble* a short *suède* coat will turn it into an admirable sports suit. The new wool laces make charming frocks for the first warm days, for they are practically uncrushable, and they have a certain *cachet* which makes them suitable for many occasions. A silk tailor-made, or a long coat with a matching *crêpe de Chine* dress, is a a necessity, while if a neutral tint is chosen for the wrap the changes may be rung again and again, for different sets of accessories will entirely alter its appearance. Chiffon, lace, and satin are regarded with favour for evening wear, the two former fabrics being the best travellers. A chiffon coat can be worn over several dresses if a discriminate choice is made in the first instance.

An Irreproachable Ensemble

THE *ensemble* vogue is as popular as ever, but this Season the "matching" of the garments is very subtle. Plain linings are often used for the coats, even when the dresses are of printed fabrics, a scarf collar, a buttonhole, or even bows forming the connecting link. A very smart and serviceable two-piece is sketched at the foot of this page. The coat is of navy blue Tizia. Two curved panels appear at the sides, and the scarf collar, which is tied in a loose knot on the left shoulder, springs from the straight front. The same lines are exploited in the ingeniously cut dress, which is carried out in periwinkle Tizia, bound with *crêpe de Chine*, a bow of which adorns the corsage. It comes from Vanek, 11, Orchard Street, where tailor-made costumes are available from 8 guineas, and where there may always be found a splendid collection of exclusive furs. Mention must be made of the fact that there is another branch of this firm at Bournemouth.

Beach Hats

SUMMER hats have to be chosen with the greatest care. In the first place, so many more are needed than during the dull days of winter, for one's pursuits are more varied. The woman who chooses her millinery at the Army and Navy Stores, Victoria Street, can always be certain of finding really attractive little hats at moderate prices. Illustrated at the head of this page are three charming styles. The hat in the centre is of felt, finished with a bow at the side, one end being passed through the wavy brim. Above it is a very youthful affair in soft coarse straw, a band of self-coloured felt encircling the crown. Both of them cost 12*s.* 11*d.* The third hat is of stitched linen. In white or pastel colours it would be delightful for tennis, while in such hues as orange, scarlet, or bright blue it provides an ideal solution of what to wear with beach wraps.

(*Continued on page 382*)

Navy blue and periwinkle Tizia is allied with crêpe de Chine in this distinguished ensemble from Vanek

Sketches by Beta

TO-DAY

THE HEARTRENDING STORY OF A THIRST THAT NEVER DIED

Starring A. Pourboire as The Love of the Legion

WORLD RIGHTS
HELD BY
WORTHINGTON

CLOTHES AND COIFFURES FOR THE OUTDOOR GIRL

Madeira work is eagerly sought after by visitors to that sunny island. Here are real Madeira tea-cloths and napkins, beautifully embroidered, from Garroulds

It is impossible to overestimate the importance of an attractive coiffure. Pamoil rejuvenates the hair, and makes it permanently and naturally wavy

Hand-embroidered Linen

DESPITE the fact that few women now devote the whole of their time solely to their homes, the art of interior decoration makes great progress. It can with truth be asserted that the rooms people live in to-day are lighter, brighter, and infinitely more attractive than those of, say, thirty years ago. Every detail is considered, and, above all things, the importance of hangings and household linens is realised. Illustrated at the head of this page are hand-embroidered linen tea-cloths from Madeira. The designs are really beautiful. The one at the top is 45 inches square, and it costs 18*s.* 11*d.*, while that below is 36 inches square, and, with four tea napkins, is available for the same price. They come from Garroulds, Edgware Road, whose catalogue of household and fancy linens, and general furnishing will be sent free on application. They are complete house furnishers, and a visit to their spacious salons, which are replete with beautiful furniture, is very well worth while.

Vital Details

NOTHING can so easily ruin an otherwise beautiful *ensemble* as stockings which are not exactly the right shade. The newest hosiery, which is destined to blend harmoniously with printed chiffon or *crêpe de Chine* dresses, ranges from puce shades to purple-grey. A pale amber is also favoured for day wear, and a clear silvery nuance looks perfect with black and the new blues and greens. For the evening there is a soft rose colour which is particularly attractive. Pale jade or soft mauve stockings are sometimes worn with gold or silver dresses, jewelled mounts on the shoes accentuating these hues.

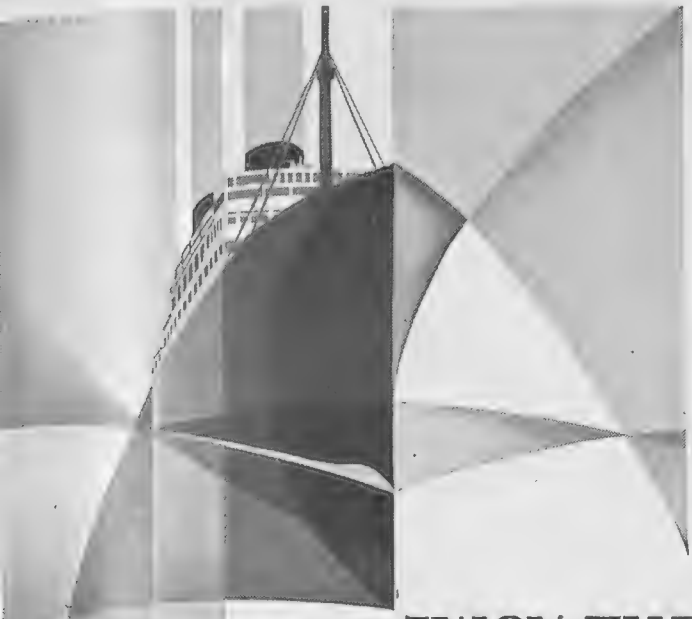
A Word About Waves

SUMMER days have a way of making one rather painfully conscious of one's defects. Make-up will not "stay put," and untidy locks cling damply to the brow and neck. Worse still, holidays beside the sea are robbed of half their joy if one is haunted by the fear that one's cherished wave will be hopelessly lost midst those of the ocean! A visit to Aldworth and Hornett, 385, Oxford Street, will dispel such forebodings, for the Pamoil permanent waving process rejuvenates the hair and renders it permanently and *naturally* wavy. It is comfortable, too, for actual heat is only applied for 4½ minutes. Incidentally, it cannot discolour even the whitest hair. The price for treating a full shingled head is from £2 12*s.* 6*d.*, while side waving costs only 12*s.* An interesting booklet will be sent free on request.

For Tennis

MODERN tennis is a very strenuous affair, and club members are stern critics — not only of form, but of the equipment of their players. They know that even the most brilliant exponent of the game could not overcome the handicap of an inferior racquet; and they have learned by experience that suitable clothes are all-important. The smooth, silky texture of Tricoline, coupled with its amazing durability, makes it an ideal fabric for sports frocks. It is obtainable in a number of striped patterns and also in a wide range of plain shades. Another great point in its favour is that it never loses its lustrous silken finish, no matter how many times it is washed.

The smooth, silky surface and the amazing durability of Tricoline make it an ideal fabricating medium for tennis dresses



ENJOY THE THRILL OF A SEA VOYAGE

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Luxurious travel by modern mail steamer is provided by this SPECIAL TOUR. Brilliant sunshine and blue horizons, and then the looming outline of Table Mountain that welcomes you to the Empire's Riviera, with scenery as magnificent as any in the world.

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You are cordially invited to visit the Salon of Helena Rubinstein for individual advice and treatment. Helena Rubinstein will gladly diagnose and recommend corrective and rejuvenating treatments for your individual needs. If you are unable to call, follow the advice below, and in one short week you will notice a remarkable improvement in your skin.

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If your Skin is Dry—Lined—Wrinkled.

Nourish and rejuvenate the tissues with Valaze Grecian Anti-Wrinkle Cream (Anthosoros). Unequalled for erasing crow's-feet and youthifying dry, shrivelled hands and throats. - - - 5/6, 10/6

Valaze Extrait—a gently, instantly effective anti-wrinkle lotion for all skins. Absorbs the "tired look" from face and eyes—keeps delicate skins smooth and youthful. 5/6, 10/6

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Pat Valaze Contour Jelly into the skin daily. It permanently braces sagging muscles and restores youthful contours of chin and throat. Essential to every woman over the age of thirty - - - 4/6

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Wash the skin with Valaze Blackhead and Open Pore Paste Special. Dissolves blackheads and impurities—tightens pores. Normalises oily skin. Use instead of soap. 2/6, 4/6

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Valaze Beauty Foundation Cream for the normal or slightly oily skin. The first function of this greaseless cream is to make powder and rouge doubly adherent. Thinly applied, it protects and gives to the complexion that enviable "matt" tone - - - - 3/6, 6/6

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against freckles, tan and sunburn with Valaze Sunproof Lotion. The only liquid powder that will *really* protect the skin - 5/6 and 10/6

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Please send, without charge, full instructions for daily care of my skin, which is :—

Average ☐ Dry ☐ Oily ☐

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B. .....

FLYING NOTES

Central Press

A view of the aerodrome at Le Bourget showing French Air Union liners parked in readiness for the Whitsun rush. The 'planes form the Golden Ray services between London and Paris, and Paris and Marseilles

THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS ENGINE

By CAPT. C. E. WARD

A "Lion" in Deed

THIS British engine has the proud record of being installed in the seaplane which attained the highest speed in the air, the car which attained the highest speed on land, and the motor boat which achieved the highest speed of any single-engined craft on water. Major Sir Henry Segrave's racing type Napier "Lions" were exactly similar to the engine which enabled Flight-Lieut. Webster to win the Schneider Trophy in 1927 and to that fitted in Flight-Lieut. D'Arcy Greig's seaplane on which he reached the highest speed ever travelled by man. A Marathon runner is seldom much good at putting the weight, but the same type Napier "Lion," controlled by a suitable propeller, was able to lift 7 tons on the recent non-stop flight to India when Sq.-Ldr. Jones-Williams and Flight-Lieut. Jenkins flew for fifty hours non-stop from Cranwell Aerodrome to Karachi.

The Latest Models

A THREE-SEATER cabin monoplane de luxe is being put on the market by the Desoutter Aircraft Co., which has two pre-war pilots as its directors, Marcel Dousoutter and Handersyde, the latter being for many years associated with Martinsyde aircraft. The new machine has been designed by Koolkoven, who was responsible for the famous Armstrong-Whitworth War types, the "Big Ack" and the "Little Ack." With a Cirrus Mark III the new monoplane will sell at £740, which should make it attractive as a "chauffeur" driven two-seater or for air taxi work. Imperial Airways, Ltd., have ordered a six-seater Westland limousine for private charter flights, and it is probable that the company's fleet will be further increased with machines of this type to conform with their three-engined safety policy. The Parnall "Imp" has taken the air again with the new "Popjoy" engine of 60 horse-power, which gives it a speed of over a 100 miles an hour as a single-seater. Although we are not so prolific with our types as the Americans, there is now quite a wide range of selection by the private owner or the commercial operator.

Capt. the Hon. H. R. Grosvenor and the Hon. Sir Alexander Hore-Ruthven, V.C., setting off for a spin. The machine is a D.H. Moth

Flying in Rhodesia

MAJOR C. S. WYNNE-EATON has been flying a Moth in Rhodesia during the past year at a total maintenance cost of £2 for tail skid shoes and patches on the tyres. He has carried nearly 1,200 passengers during 220 odd hours' flying, and is at present engaged in running a club at Salisbury. Sqdr. Leader Slatter's "Bluebird" had a wonderful reception at Bulawayo, where a new company has been formed for air taxi work and flying instruction. By promising to contribute £10,000 a year to the cost of the trans-African air route, the Government of Southern Rhodesia has forged the final link in the aerial chain which in less than two years' time will stretch from Cairo to the Cape.

Behind the Bar!

IN the strictly nautical sense, this expression denotes a safe anchorage from heavy seas in all weathers, for behind the bar there is always calm water. At one time it was fashionable to pity the poor sailors on a dirty night, when the wind howled, but with the improvement in ships and wireless communication this sympathy is surely rather out of date. What about the poor airman with no place to land! He can't stay up for ever, and when he does get down safely in a field the farmer is waiting to sue him for trespass, whereas he should summons the local Council for not providing a landing ground. Every town nowadays ought to be just as approachable from the air as it is by road. The permanent way costs nothing. All that is needed is an area of ground which has been certified as a safe landing site, and there can be very few places in England which cannot provide one.

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FIRST RACE: 3 O'CLOCK

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The finest Race Course in the World. Twenty-five minutes by road from Marble Arch. Car Park 6,000 cars. Fifteen minutes from Paddington (G.W.R.). Marylebone (L.N.E.R.) Special trains.

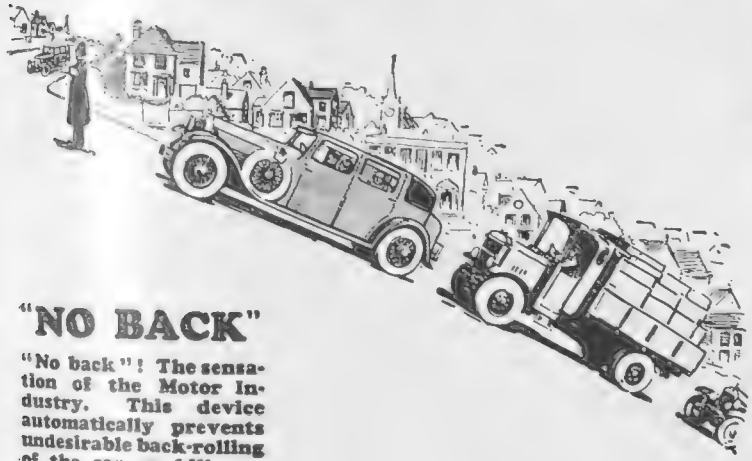
Admission by Voucher to Members' Stand. Gents 15/-, Ladies 10/-. Tattersalls Enclosure 10/-.

UNDER PONY TURF CLUB RULES.

Stewa[rds] for 1929: Major R. G. ALEXANDER, Sir WILLIAM BASS, Bart., [the] Earl of CARNARVON, Major-General C. L. GREGORY, Visco[unt] LASCELLES, K.G., Major F. B. STAPLETON-BRETHERTON.

Warwick Wright Says

"Don't hold everything"



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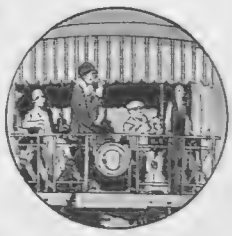
CANADA!!

The Canadian Pacific is now organising

A 7 weeks Tour De Luxe amidst Canada's lovely scenery



from Coast to Coast, personally conducted throughout, which would provide you with an opportunity to visit many famous places of interest in the Dominion. Historic Quebec, along the great St. Lawrence, a thousand miles through enchanted waterways to Montreal, then to Ottawa, Toronto, Niagara, Winnipeg, The Prairies, The Canadian Rockies and Vancouver, attended by every comfort and delight that civilization has to offer. Special train for the entire tour.

The Inclusive Fare covers everything ~ even to tips ~ no details neglected

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How funny we looked then!

From a 1914 De Reszke advertisement

Did we really dress like that only fifteen years ago? Did we really dance like that? Fashions have changed with a vengeance! But De Reszke cigarettes are still the fine aristocrats they were then, still the mellowest and coolest and smoothest of all cigarettes. One change, however, their ever-increasing sales have brought: they can now be sold at the popular price of 10 for 6d.

DE RESZKE *Virginias*

'Ivory'-tipped or plain **10 for 6d** *Twenty for one shilling*

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I FOUND HIM AT CANNES! By JED KILEY

I FOUND him at last!

I have been looking for him for years. I knew he must have existed from the wonderful work that he did. I sought him on the Riviera; I sought him in Biarritz, but until yesterday my search was in vain.

At St. Jean de Luz I eagerly scanned the daily lists of players at the Golf Club. The usual names were there: Lieutenant Colonel Hipflask-Smyth, Major Puttwell Sandpitt, Captain Florid-Face, but my man's simple name was conspicuous by its absence.

At Deauville last season it was the same. Brigadier-General Bulbous-Nostrils and his staff were all at the Normandy. All with many initials after their impressive names, but once again the man I sought was not in town.

He has never been at Nice, I am sure. The Registrar of the Baccara Room helped me search. We scanned the membership books religiously, but found no trace of his ever having been known there.

At Monte Carlo he was considered a myth, and at Menton the English Colony laughed at my naïve question.

But as I say, I knew that he must have existed, so I carried on. And it was at Cannes of all places that I found him. I say "of all places" because Cannes, with its palaces and yachts, was the last place I expected to find him. Fred, the barman at the Casino, pointed him out to me. He stood in a group of notables.

"The Pride of Rotten Row," said Fred admiringly, "and his yacht is that ocean liner out there."

I think I must be psychic. Instinctively I felt that my search was ended.

At the opening of the new Casino I had my chance. Major Rosy Beeke, of the Guards, introduced me and left us alone. His name is Drummond, and I liked him at once. As an American talking to an Englishman, I always say what is expected of me.

"Of course," I said casually, "America won the War."

However, I am nothing if not diplomatic, so I added sincerely:

"But you British did awfully well, you know."

What I mean is, you must be awfully careful when you meet new people not to destroy their illusions. Most of the conversation, of course, was on my part. But he was charming. We dined together at the Bœuf sur le Toit, and took *Bancos* together at the Casino. He presented me to more titled people and staff officers than I had ever seen in any court or any army. They all called him Mister or Jim, so I asked my usual question.

"What did you do in the War?" I said.

He led me towards his yacht before answering, and I thought for a moment that I had made a mistake.

"Oh, nothing much," he told me, "I was just a 'Tommy' for four years."

I grabbed him rudely by the hand.

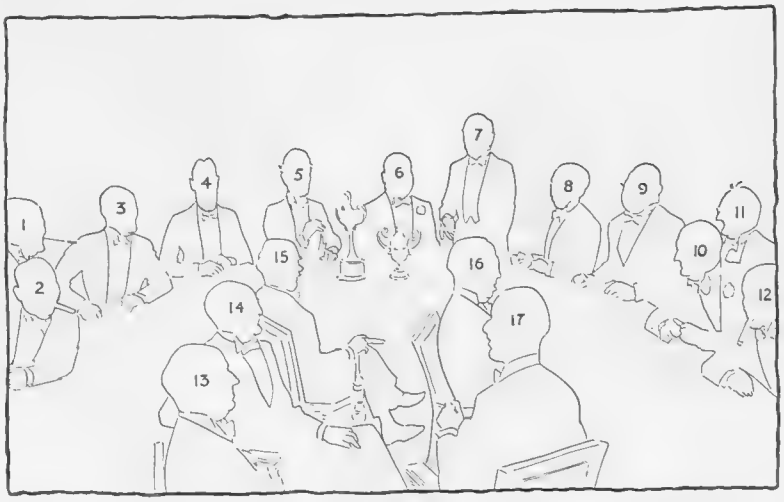
"A *Tommy*!" I screamed. "Eureka!"

He did not know what I meant. But I did. My search was ended!

I had found the *ordinary private* of the World War!

By A. R. Cane

"I've been very worried lately. My wife has had a bad attack of kleptomania"
"Didn't you take her to a specialist?"
"Yes, but all he said was that she must try to take things more quietly"

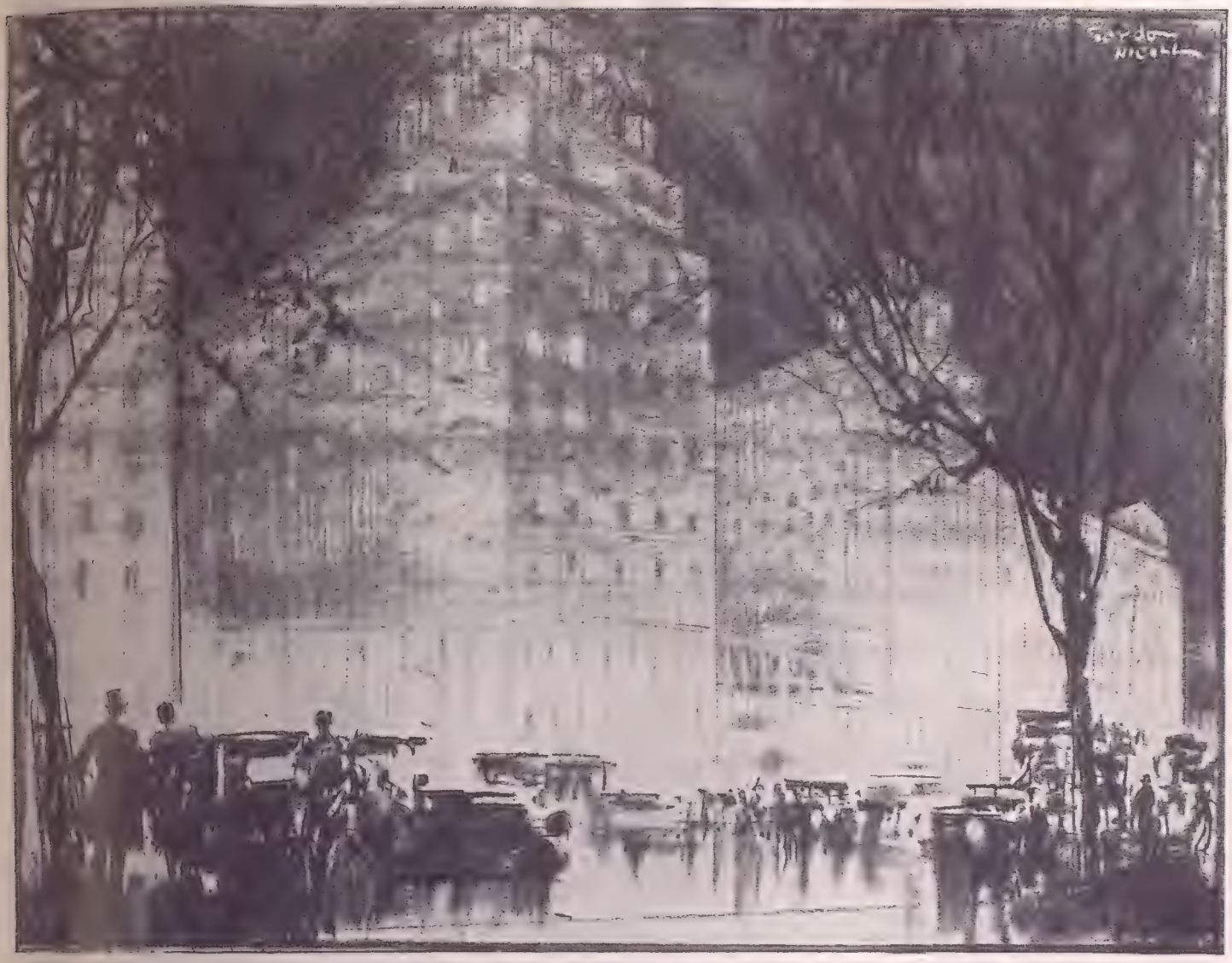


LORD DEWAR "UP" AT THE LUCIFER CLUB DINNER

Above is a key to the members of the Lucifer Club seen in the coloured illustration on pp. 358-9. G. du Cros, Esq. (1), H. Guedalla, Esq. (2), E. Robson, Esq. (3), Sir Herbert Walker (4), Lord Lurgan (5), Sir Harry Greer, D.L., the Chairman (6), Lord Dewar (7), Lord Ashfield (8), Sir Woodman Burbidge (9), Major Gilman (10), Michael Faraday, Esq. (11), H. Simonis, Esq. (12), Sir Nicholas Grattan-Doyle, M.P. (13), Sir Joseph Hood, Bart. (14), Carlton Levick, Esq., O.B.E., the Hon. Secretary (15), R. H. Gillespie, Esq. (16) and Charles Parkinson, Esq. (17)

BY GLOSSOP

SQUARING THE CIRCLE



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THE FIRST HOTEL OF EUROPE

GROSVENOR HOUSE

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The sporting centre of the world is now situated in Park Lane. The International Sportsmen's Club and the Park Lane Ice Club have their headquarters in Grosvenor House and visitors to the hotel are eligible for election as members or have the entrée to the Turkish Baths, Swimming Pool, Gymnasium and Ice Skating Rink, if introduced by a member of the International Sportsmen's Club.

We set out to provide a pleasant hotel and a pleasant holiday for agreeable people. This ambitious object seems already to have been achieved. Grosvenor House as an hotel owes much to its position. On no site in London could there be more fresh air and sunlight, or a more charming outlook. The hotel is designed to take the utmost advantage of its position. The private rooms (each with its own bathroom, with ice-water laid on) look out upon the greenery of Hyde Park. The Restaurant and the Lounges are full of sunlight. There is no dull or dark spot in Grosvenor House, a most heartening place. All the banqueting halls, ballrooms and private dining rooms are now open and available for bookings; there is a whole range of such accommodation. Grosvenor House can accommodate private functions of every kind, from a private dinner party of a dozen guests to a banquet for five thousand.

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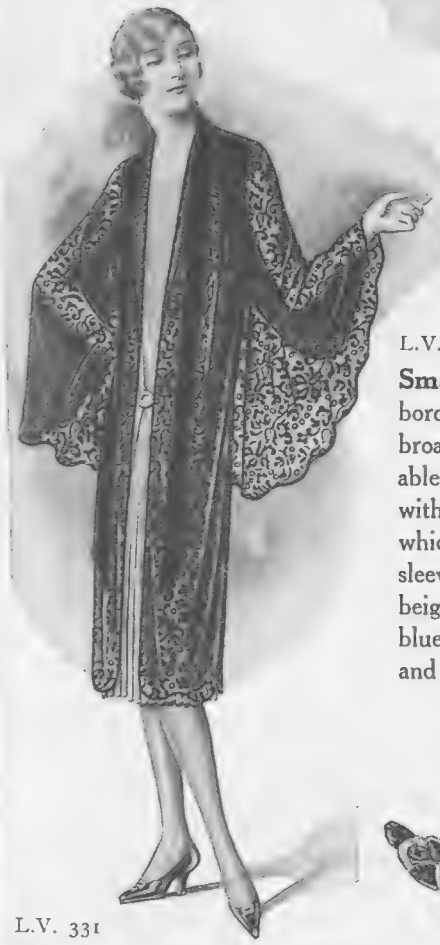
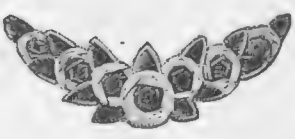


L.V. 332

Smart Georgette Coat bordered at foot with broad tucks, the fashionable stole is trimmed with black and oxidised, which also finishes the sleeves; can be had in beige with gold, new blue, grey, also all black and black with gold.

PRICE **69/6**



L.V. 331

Attractive Black Lace Coat with the new cape sleeve, bound with georgette, the long stole is of wide black ribbon velvet.

PRICE **3½ Gns.**

This model is also made in good quality metal lace in gold or oxidised, price **5½ Gns.**

L.C. 22

Pretty Embroidered Lingerie Spray (Washable) in Pompadour colourings, price **4½d.** each.

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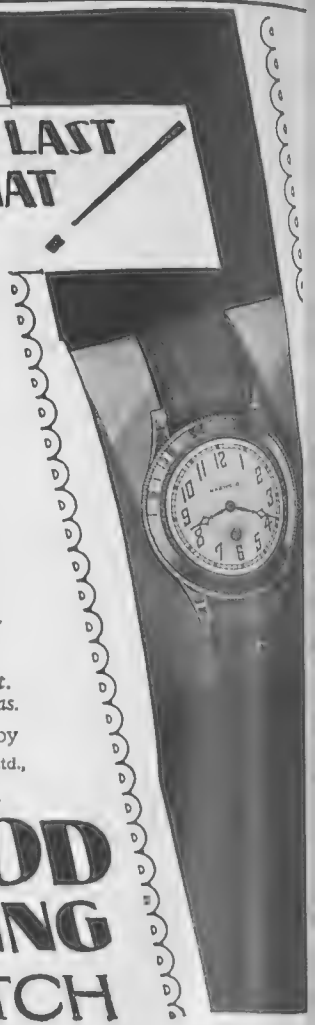

The first self-winding wrist watch ever available for everyday wear. The simple natural movements of the arm wind the watch.

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Distinctive Lace Two-Piece *suitable for day or evening wear. The skirt has two shaped flounces and the simple bodice is finished with a stitched belt and diamante clasp. Coatee with long sleeves. Lined crêpe de Chine. In Black, Beige, Red, Royal.*

Price 8½ Gns.

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

Parisienne

MR. GEOFFREY WEST

Whose "Life of Annie Besant" (Howe: 15s.) is reviewed on these pages

PORTRAITS OF THREE WOMEN

By RALPH STRAUS

THE three books to which I would draw particular attention this week have one, but only one, feature in common: they attempt to paint a woman's portrait. One is a novel, and does not pretend to be anything else: this is John Gunther's *The Golden Fleece* (Secker: 7s. 6d.)—an excellent example of current American fiction of the better kind. The second is the full-dress biography of a woman who is still living: this is Geoffrey West's *Life of Annie Besant* (Howe: 15s.). The third, which ought to have been (but is not) the most interesting of the three, is another of those now popular hybrids—part biography and part fiction—which need the pen of a master to give them the necessary distinction. This is Beatrice Curtis Brown's *Anne Stuart, Queen of England* (Bles: 10s. 6d.).

We may accord precedence to the Royal lady, whose death, at any rate, seems to have impressed itself for all time upon the British mind. Queen Anne is dead, and for the last fifty years she has been very dead indeed. Yet I for one have been patiently waiting for her resuscitation, because her story, if seen in its proper perspective, is of quite astonishing interest.

❋

MOST people, I find, are content to know next to nothing about her. You hear her described as a weak, stupid woman who allowed herself to be bullied, even after she had ascended the throne, by a turbulent duchess; a greedy, gouty sentimentalist of no account; a miserable creature who tried not once but nearly twenty times to rear a child and dismally failed: "Good Queen Anne" on the labels, but only because she was English and not Dutch or German.

Well, it is true that she was no feminine genius, but to dismiss her as a nonentity who cared for nothing but Church and Churchills is absurd. In many ways she was a remarkable person; in many ways she was a strange person; at moments there was even something like greatness about her. I have often wondered why she has never been made the heroine of a really great historical novel. Attempts of the kind, I know, have been made, but none is of the first class. Is she too elusive? On the surface too dull? Too easily overshadowed by one or other of her contemporaries?

❋

ADMITTEDLY a good portrait of her is not easily limned. It seems to me that Miss Curtis Brown has painted one that is painstaking, never overdrawn, and occasionally most vivid. The scenes between Anne and her father are very well done. I see little wrong with the Duchess's portrait, though her love of money is hardly mentioned. And some of the minor folk are neatly etched in.

But—what a pity to fill in the gaps with stuff which should properly belong to a second-rate novel! What a pity that the writing should be so wholly without distinction, with poor grammar disfiguring almost every page! And what a chance has been missed! Very properly Miss Curtis Brown has kept more or less to Anne's personal story, but where is the gorgeous background which could so legitimately have accompanied it? It is useless to say that materials are scanty: almost untouched sources exist in some abundance. No, this could have been, and ought to have been, a thrilling book, an intimate and colourful panorama; as it is, it is little more than a monochrome—a readable story for those who know nothing of Anne, but to those who are familiar with the period a sad disappointment.

❋

I SHALL not be accused of log-rolling, I hope, if I give high praise to Mr. West's book. It happens to be dedicated to myself. That is a pleasant compliment, and in the circumstances I could hardly be expected to "slate" it very severely, even were my opinion of its merits not too high. But I do honestly consider it to be a good piece of work, not the dull, respectable thing that might have been written thirty years ago, but a lively and entertaining affair.

Mrs. Besant, of course, is an excellent "subject." You may dislike or disapprove of her opinions and activities, but she compels your admiration. And her story, like the late Queen Anne's, is highly dramatic. You do not need to be interested in theosophy, or Socialism, or Indian politics, or even birth-control, to be caught up in its glamour. It is, indeed, the strangest and most improbable of romances, and Mr. West has made the most of his opportunity.

❋

HE certainly understands the art of biography. He is a novelist, and I am not at all sure that novelists do not make the best biographers. The right selection of materials seems to come naturally to them. So, at any rate, it is here in this story of a country parson's wife who, after being publicly branded as a disreputable person—so disreputable that a judge would consider her unfitted to have the custody of her own children—became a world-famous figure and the leader of a religious movement which seems to be gathering new strength every year.

Mr. West is no enthusiastic theosophist, and he is singing no pæan of praise: on the contrary there are moments when he is almost ironically aloof. But he is always admirably judicious, and he writes with a delightful ease, and with sure touches a portrait is built up which will not be easily forgotten. It may be that some of Mrs. Besant's own followers will not be too pleased with the book, but I can find no error of taste, and cordially recommend it, particularly to those who have never ceased to look upon Mrs. Besant herself as a most mischievous person.

❋

SO much for the gouty Queen and the theosophical leader. I come to Joan Tilford, a young woman of present-day Chicago. Here, according to the newspapers, Mayors are would-be Mussolinis and murders are normal pastimes. But Chicago is no stranger to the arts. (Years ago, I remember delivering the inaugural address there at the opening of America's first Little Theatre: Maurice Browne, now very well known for his production of *Journey's End*, was its onlie begetter.) And Joan belongs to its intelligentsia. She comes of near-millionaire stock, and could, if she liked, do just nothing at all. But she has "views" upon life, and prefers to go her own way, and a very piquant way it is.

❋

MR. GUNTHER goes to work with a will, and his enthusiasm is

catching. You soon find yourself interested in Joan, particularly when she discovers that " views " are sometimes rather difficult to live up to. It is all very well, for instance, to declare that young women should be allowed the same freedom in their love-affairs as young men have always permitted themselves; it is all very well to be a little scornful towards marriage: but when it comes to the point of being forced to put such views into practice, what then?

❋

JOAN falls in love with a writer called Philip. He adores her. Unfortunately, and for a reason which is hidden from her, he refuses to marry. Instead, he asks her to become his mistress. In theory, of course, this is delightful, but. . . . It is a big " but," and, like other young women, Joan hesitates and is lost, or, rather, loses her lover. What is to happen? Well, it may be regrettable, but in a kind of fury of disappointment Joan gives herself to the first available man. And so becomes an entirely different creature? No: she is merely experimenting with life, no longer so happy, perhaps, but working well, expressing herself, always hoping for " the man like a god " who will take Philip's place.

❋

THIS is an outspoken book. There are scenes in it which the booksellers' catalogues might call " curious." But it is never offensive, and always genuinely entertaining. And it seems to me that Mr. Gunther must be given a high place amongst contemporary American novelists.

R. S.

BOOKS RECEIVED

NOVELS

IDA BRANDT. By Herman Bang. (Knopf.)
A BACKGROUND FOR CAROLINE. By Helen Ashton. (Benn: 7s. 6d.)
THE REPENTANT SOUL. By Charles Forrest. (Benn: 7s. 6d.)
FLAMES OF VELVET. By Maurice Dekobra. (Werner Laurie: 7s. 6d.)
RAMAZON THE RAJAH. By Vere Lockwood (Jenkins: 7s. 6d.)
ONCE TO TIGER BAY. By W. Townend. (Jenkins: 7s. 6d.)
SPRING MADNESS. By F. C. Williams. (Hutchinson: 7s. 6d.)
CREEPING SHADOWS. By W. Usher. (Stanley Paul: 7s. 6d.)
THE WEB. By Hugh Stewart. (Hurst and Blackett: 7s. 6d.)
LOVE'S MASK. By E. A. Rowlands. (Stanley Paul: 7s. 6d.)
THE THREE DAGGERS. By Cecil Freeman Gregg. (Hutchinson: 7s. 6d.)
THE WEEK END CRIME BOOK. By J. M. Walsh. (J. Hamilton: 3s. 6d.)
JIM TRENT. By R. Wright Kauffman. (Werner Laurie: 7s. 6d.)

MISCELLANEOUS

TRACKING DOWN THE ENEMIES OF MAN. By Alfred Torrance. (Knopf: 7s. 6d.)
THE GREAT AWAKENING. By W. J. Fullerford. (Simpkin: 5s.)
A TRAVELLER OF THE 'SIXTIES. By Douglas Timins. (Constable: 12s. 6d.)
THE IRISH DRAMA. By A. F. Malone. (Constable: 15s.)
WALTER DE LA MARE. By Forrest Reid. (Faber and Gwyer: 10s. 6d.)
THE BANKRUPTCY OF MARRIAGE. By V. F. Calverton. (John Hamilton: 15s.)
THE COMMON SENSE OF WORLD PEACE. By H. G. Wells. (Hogarth Press: 2s. 6d.)
THE SPIRIT OF CONSERVATION. By Arthur Bryant. (Methuen: 2s. 6d.)
LEONID KRASSIN. By Luboff Krassin. (Skeffington: 21s.)
THE GREYHOUND. By James Matheson. (Hurst and Blackett.)
NOOKS AND CORNERS OF OLD PARIS. By Georges Cain. (Richards: 21s.)
DIARIES OF MARY, COUNTESS OF MEATH. Edited by her husband. (Hutchinson: 18s.)

AUTHORS AND THEIR BOOKS

Mr. H. A. Vachell's latest book is called *The Enchanted Garden*. We are told it is a medley of mystery, romance and thrill. To be published on May 16, by Cassells.

Mr. Stephen Graham has written an introduction to Valentine Kataev's novel *The Embezzlers*, which Benns are publishing on May 24. The publishers tell us it is written in the vein of Gogol's *Dead Souls*, and is the first humorous novel to come out of Soviet Russia.

There is a saying " Queen Anne is dead," but according to Mr. Lewis Melville Queen Anne is very much alive. Hutchinsons published Mr. Lewis Melville's new volume, *In the Days of Queen Anne*, on the 14th of this month.

Eileen of the Trees, a new novel by H. de Vere Stacpole, is being published on May 16 by Cassells. We hear that the story is of how a boy of seventeen, who is full of youthful chivalry, rescues an overworked nursemaid and spirits her down to his country house . . . and, naturally, complications ensue.

H. J. Massingham has written a new book called *The Heritage of Man*, just published by Cape. It is a collection of essays.

More collections of short stories! Allen and Unwin are publishing three of these. *Norway's Best Stories*, *Sweden's Best Stories*, and *Denmark's Best Stories*. As interest seems to be growing in Scandinavian literature these should be specially welcome. They include stories by Strindberg, Knut Hamsun, Jacobsen, Nexo, Sigrid Undset, and many more authors of note.

A new novel by Miss Helen Ashton has just been published by Benns, entitled *A Background for Caroline*. We are told it is the story of a woman's life from the 'eighties to the present day—from her Bloomsbury childhood, through dissatisfied youth and war time experiences, to her late marriage and its tragic sequel.

HAMPTONS' SEVEN-ROOMED SPECIMEN HOME £300

FURNISHED THROUGHOUT complete with Carpets and Curtains for £300

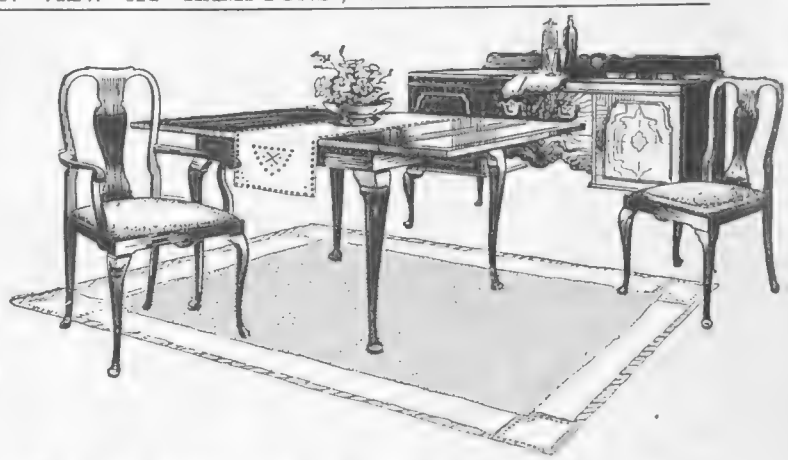
shows, by actual examples selected from stock and ready for immediate delivery, how for only £300 a Home can be furnished substantially and in a manner which shall be a source of constant pleasure and satisfaction to the owner.

THE ENTIRE HOUSE IS ON VIEW AT HAMPTONS', PALL MALL EAST, S.W.1.

The Dining Room Set of this £300 Specimen House, illustrated herewith, affords a typical example of

HAMPTONS' SUPREME VALUES IN FURNITURE

It consists of:—	£	s.	d.
5ft. Walnut Sideboard. Hamptons' No. C17664	22	10	0
Draw-Out Walnut Dining Table, size 3ft. × 3ft. closed, extending to 5ft. × 3ft. Hamptons' No. C18060.	8	2	9
4 Walnut Dining Chairs, loose seats covered in hide, each 70/-. Hamptons' No. S13346	14	0	0
2 Walnut Arm Chairs, loose seats covered in hide, each £5 5s. Hamptons' No. S13347	10	10	0



For coloured illustrations of all the Rooms of this Specimen House see Hamptons' new book C153, sent free.

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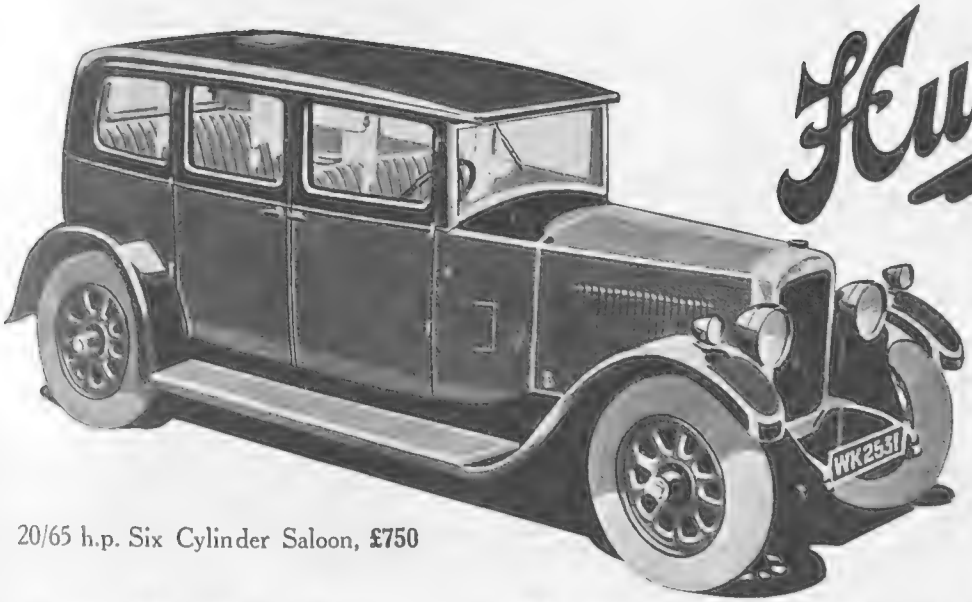

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MOTOR NOTES

POLITICIANS AND THE MOTORIST

By E. M. WRIGHT

I HAVE tried—oh, how I have tried—to avoid having anything to do as a motorist with this General Election. During the past year I have been petitioned to sign petitions about petrol ratings, horse-power duties, and the McKenna tax until my head reeled, and I have vowed new vows to give politicians the go-by for good. But one day recently came an invitation from Gordon England, Ltd., the coach-building people whose fast-growing works have engulfed the whole of one of those vast " palaces " at Wembley. On the day of their statutory meeting there was to be held an inspection of the works and a luncheon at which Conservative, Liberal, and Labour Members of Parliament were to speak on their respective Party Programmes and how these affect the motor industry.

***

NOW, much as I profess to try to avoid mixing politics with motoring, I must confess to having an interest in the economic side of the problems, as must every motorist who is not too *blasé* to mind what it costs him to run his car. So I hied me to Gordon England's with a greater thrill than has ever run down my backbone at the prospect of any such function. For the three said speakers had a good deal to answer for how ever you like to look at it. Now it is one thing to answer for one's sins on paper—as is the easy lot of writers on motoring—when no one is likely to question or heckle, but it is quite another to look one's audience in the face and do it as the politicians have to do at times.

The 6½-litre Speed Model which Bentley Motors, Ltd., have had the honour of supplying to H.R.H. Prince George. The body is of Weymann construction and was built by J. Gurney Nutting & Co., of Chelsea

***

AND SO we heard these three distinguished M.P.s—amongst them Sir Henry Slesser for the Labour Party—and they could not claim that they had not enough time, for they kept us to well after 4 p.m. Hardly one person left the table in that time, which in itself was a record for such a function and a testimony to the liveliness of the interest it created. But to tell the truth, the actual thrill did not last long. I should have known it would not, but I must plead that I am a mere babe in political matters. The reason for our disappointment was that each of the speakers most carefully avoided the points which we wanted him to deal with, and most skilfully elaborated upon the rest which were of no importance in the circumstances.

***

WHEN you come to examine it the three points that are essential to the progress of motoring in this country are (in this order of importance):—(1) the McKenna Duties, or some similar form of safeguarding or protection, which will prevent the dumping of cheap cars and enable us to compete with the best value offered by the foreigner; (2) sufficient road development to keep abreast of the growth of

(*Continued on page* viii)

Sir Herbert Austin K.B.E.

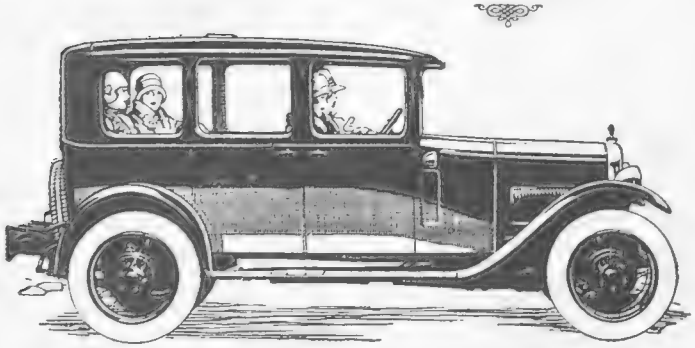
and the 16 h.p. BURNHAM SALOON

PRICES:
Austin "Seven" from £130
Austin "Twelve" from £250
Austin "Sixteen"
"Light Six" from £305
Austin "Twenty" from £395
All Front Screens of Triplex Glass.

Our new Service and Repair Depot at Holland Park Hall, W.11, is now available for Austin owners. It is equipped to deal with complete overhauls and repairs. Austin Seven cars will be dealt with at our Oxford St. Depot, North Row—as hitherto.

"In 1926 I realised that between those Austin enthusiasts who ran a 'Twelve' and those who could afford a 'Twenty,' lay an increasingly unsatisfactory gap. I therefore designed the 16 h.p. Burnham Saloon.

"This car combines the appearance, on a slightly modified scale, of the 'Twenty' together with greater power yet little higher upkeep costs than the 'Twelve.' It is a car that will satisfy the most critical owner and I strongly recommend it to the man who is considering the purchase of a 6-cylinder model."



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A.17 W.

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The Best Car in the World

"Everything is so perfectly blended, whether you want to use the car for a promenade or whether you want to go at high speeds on Continental roads. The Rolls-Royce does either with the maximum of comfort and the maximum of efficiency.
Anyone who habitually drives all kinds of motor cars, as I do, cannot help thinking that the Rolls-Royce stands in a class by itself, because it does every kind of motoring in the best possible way."—*Owner's Letter, ref. 2014*

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H.M. THE KING OF AFGHANISTAN.

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Kennington Services

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page vi)

motoring; (3) a system of taxation which takes account of road usage and road damage, instead of the bore of one's engine—surely the stupidest system ever invented, and one which Lord Weir has wittily described as charging a man for his whisky by the size of the decanter he happens to own. Apart from its fairness at home, an equitable system of taxation would enable us to build the right sort of car for overseas markets.

***

THERE are other things that we want, such as modernisation of the road laws and the reduction of the tax on old cars; but these three are the absolute essentials. And of the three the one of most immediate importance is the McKenna Duties. So essential are they that it is no exaggeration to say that their removal would be a death-blow to the British motor industry. Events have shown that we can within limits let the others go hang, so long as we retain this minimum amount of protection. And however you may attack the Conservative Party, it has at least kept these Duties in operation; and whatever else the Labour and Liberal Members have promised, they have made is quite clear that they intend to abolish these Duties and so ruin the industry!

***

SIR HENRY SLESSER held forth at great length upon the iniquities of the petrol tax, which happens to be the least harmful of all the Conservative Government's sins. The Liberal man expatiated upon his Party's wonderful programme of road extension; but as he, too, would abolish the McKenna Duties, and open the market to untrammelled foreign competition, his hearers were not exactly swept off their feet. We do not want to incur an expensive programme of road construction merely to admit cheap American cars to run on them. In other words, my afternoon amongst the politicians left me with the impression that whichever Government we put in power at the coming Elections their motto will simply be that of the Old Testament king adapted for the benefit of the electors to read: "Our predecessors chastised you with whips, but we will chastise you with scorpions."

Pope Pius XI with employees of the Fiat Company, which has presented His Holiness with a specially built saloon car for his personal use. The car is seen in the background

***

AS to the business of Gordon England, it has grown by leaps and bounds. The Gordon England lightweight system of body construction is claimed to save avoirdupois to an extent varying from the weight of one adult in the case of a baby car to that of four or five adults in the case of a large five-seater. Instead of being flexible, it is made absolutely rigid, but is so mounted on the chassis that movement is allowed at the joints, and the passengers are carried on the chassis itself, the body being little more than a weather-proof shell built round them. The firm has many contracts with well-known British makers, and is one of the very few European body concerns that has got any footing in America, where several contracts have recently been entered into, including one with the Rolls-Royce Co. of America. Their works now occupy nearly the whole of the Palace of Industry at Wembley, and their employees have grown from eleven four years ago to over 500 to-day.

***

THE cost of motoring may be worked out in many ways, but I have seldom seen any statistics that show the relative amounts spent on each item. Just lately, however, figures have been issued by a company which runs over 600 private cars for the use of its travellers and staff, and has kept a meticulous account of the costs of

(*Continued on page x*)

DAIMLER

For thirty years Daimler has occupied the leading position among British motor-car manufacturers by virtue of its supreme engineering skill and by studying the individual needs of the British motorist. To-day there is a Daimler for every requirement, and from the nearest Stratton-Instone branch, or from your Local Agent. Full information is immediately available of a Daimler to suit your personal wishes.

From the earliest days the word "Daimler" has been associated with a roomy and dignified carriage. The Double-Six 50 with its "Royal" coachwork at £2750, the 35/120 at £1600, and the popular Daimler 25/85 at £1245 are well known examples, to which has lately been added as a smaller town carriage the 20/70 at £950. Not only in the chauffeur-driven types does Daimler excel, but also in the comfortable and attractive types of owner-driven saloons, notably on the Double-Six 30 at £1300 and on the light 20/70 chassis at £695.

Send us a note of your wishes and a qualified representative will visit you with a suitable Daimler for your personal inspection and trial.

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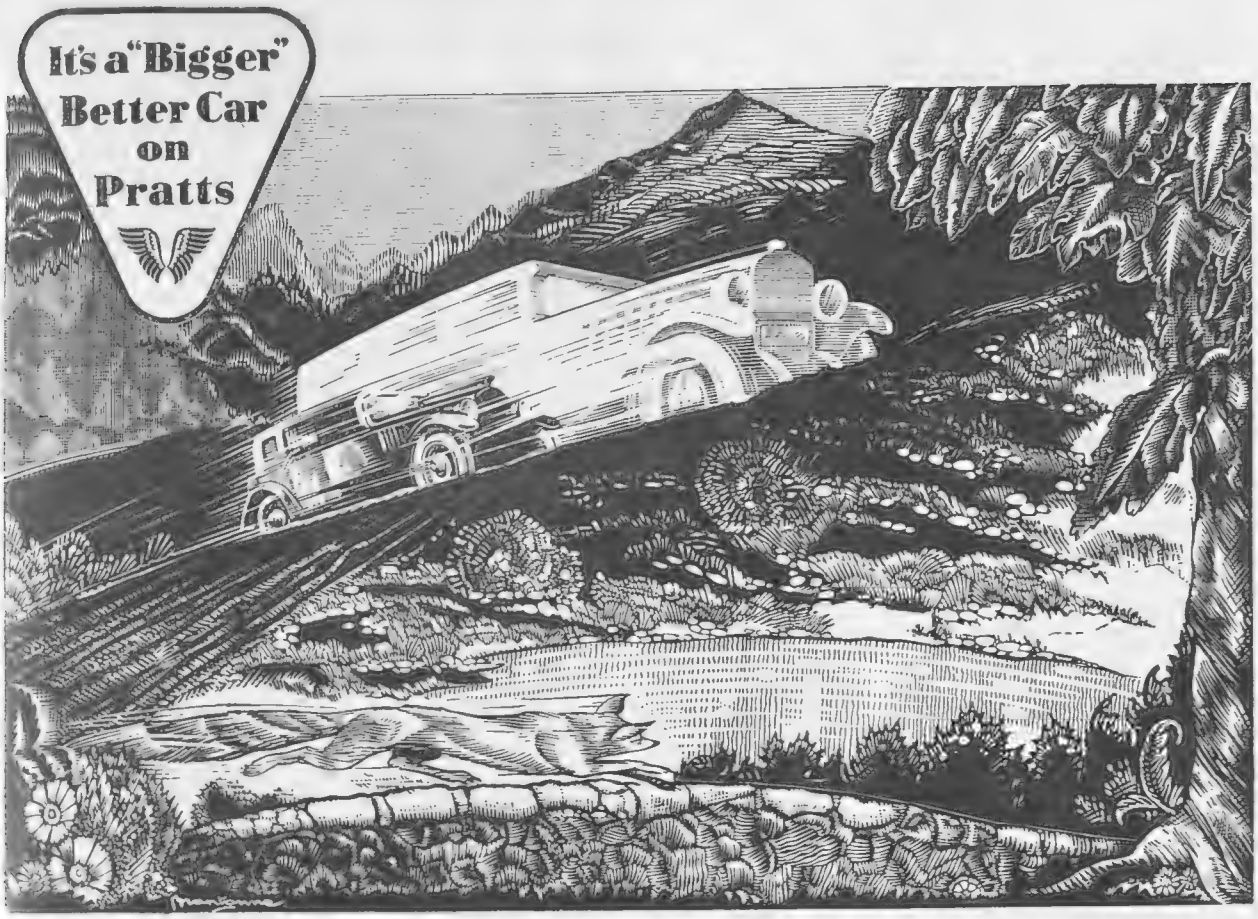


FASTER and livelier, too, because the "spirit" of your car is improved by the spirit you put in it.

The power-producing capacity of a motor fuel depends upon the various light and heavy fractions of the spirit being accurately proportioned. Experienced motorists *know* this and rely on Pratts in consequence.

New or old, large or small, your car will respond to Pratts by giving you more rapid acceleration, faster climbing, even firing, and that security from petrol trouble which a perfectly refined and tested spirit ensures.

Every Car is a Better Car on Pratts

Mc.C.

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page viii)

running during the past three years, in which time the cars between them have covered over 16,000,000 miles. Before being divulged as a matter of public interest, the figures have, of course, been corrected to the rates applicable to the private owner, and at to-day's retail prices of petrol, oil, tyres, etc., only the best quality being taken into account in each case. It is interesting to note that the two cars referred to are just the types which licensing statistics show are the most popular in this country. The table is as follows:—

How Five Shillings Goes.

	Open 2-seater.	12 h.p.	20 h.p. 5-seater saloon.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
Horse-power tax and insurance	0	10½	0	10
Garage	0	6	0	5½
Depreciation and repairs	2	1	2	6½
Tyres	0	4	0	3
Petrol, 1s. 3d. per gallon ..	0	9	0	7
Petrol tax, 4d. per gallon	0	2½	0	2
Lubricants	0	1	0	1
Sundries	0	2	0	1
Total	5	0	5	0

* * *

At first glance the figures may seem paradoxical. For instance, tyres, petrol, and garaging appear to be cheaper for the larger than for the smaller car. The fact is, of course, that what is being considered is the proportion of *each* 5s. There are many interesting lessons to be learnt from the table. Tyres are remarkably low; a tribute to the modern product. The highest item in each case is that of depreciation and repairs; while in relation to their importance petrol and lubricants are amongst the lowest. Even with the motor spirit tax of 4*d*. petrol accounts for less than one-fifth in the case of the smaller car, and just over one-seventh in the case of the larger—and this in spite of taking into account only the highest grade petrol and oils.

* * *

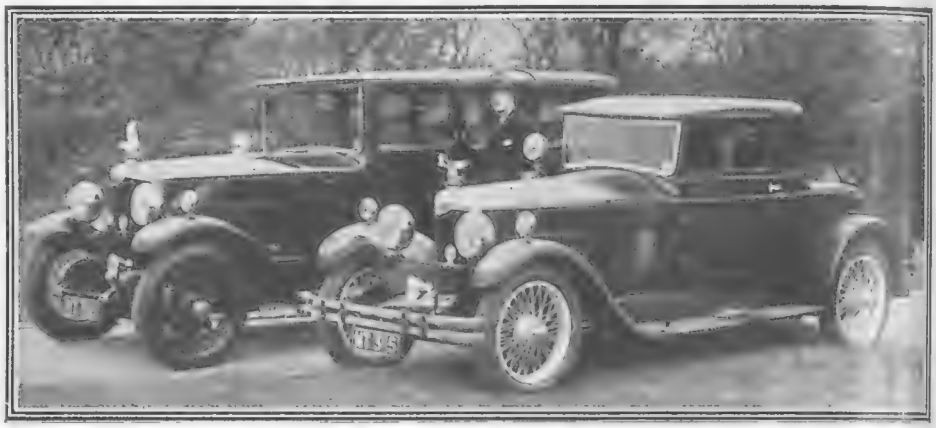
Thus, it will be seen that attempted economy on petrol and oil, which involves going in for cheap and unproved brands, cannot effect any very marked saving. On the contrary, the use of inferior fuel and lubricants may add heavily to the costs of repairs, renewals, extra adjustments (such as decarbonisation), and depreciation over a number of years—i.e., to the item which already amounts to half the total cost of running the car. E.M.W.

THIS WEEK'S HINT

USE OF THE GREASE-GUN

Time is really more important than mere mileage in deciding when the various chassis points should have attention from the grease-gun. No bearing should be left more than a month at the most without fresh grease, or the lubricant will harden and refuse to move on and allow fresh grease to enter. Make sure that the lubricant does actually penetrate to the bearing surface. It can be seen or heard issuing from the ends of each bearing. See specially to the steering joints, the bearings of the brake operating gear, and the spring shackles.

Before applying the grease-gun make sure that all dirt is removed from the nipples; also keep the lid on the tin of grease when it is not in use; grit in the grease is naturally harmful to bearings. Use special grease prepared for chassis bearings, not just "any old grease." In charging the gun, try to prevent air pockets. If they are present they will betray themselves by a crackling noise when the gun is applied to the nipple.



Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Wallrock with their two Crossley cars. The larger is a 20·9 h.p. Super Six enclosed landaulette and the other is a 15·7 h.p. Crossley chassis with a special body by Brainsby's

CAPT. CAMPBELL'S WORLD'S RECORDS

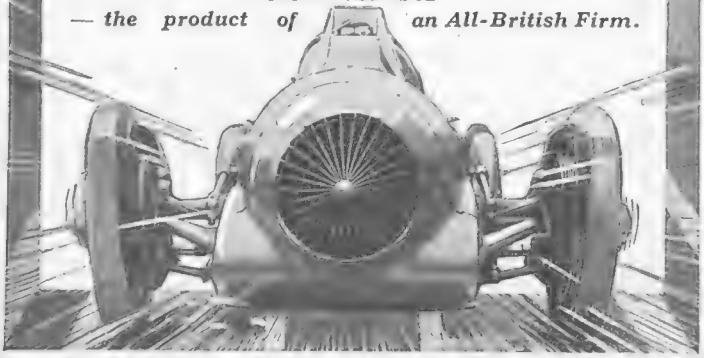
Five Miles at 212 Miles per Hour

was accomplished by Capt. Malcolm Campbell at Verneuk Pan. This further British success follows Sir Henry Segrave's 231 m.p.h. for one mile at Daytona—the World's Land Speed Record.

It is significant that in each instance the lubricant chosen to ensure success was

WAKEFIELD CASTROL MOTOR OIL

— the product of an All-British Firm.



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UNDERSLUNG WORM DRIVE

The underslung worm drive of the Triumph Super Seven enables the floor level to be much lower than usual. Thus the centre of gravity is lowered giving greater stability and better road-holding qualities. There are Super Seven models—the finest small cars in the world—from £149.10s. 15 h.p. Saloons from £375. Write for full details. Lucas electrical equipment and Dunlop balloon tyres standard.

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FITTED with the famous "Kelvin" or "Kelvin Sleeve" or "Kelvin-Ricardo" Engines, correctly installed and carefully tested afloat by the actual manufacturers, the range of KELVIN Launches offers a wide choice of skilfully designed and reliably constructed craft suitable for sea and river service.

Our catalogue, containing informative diagrams and full particulars, will be sent immediately upon request.

25 to 30 finished hulls are usually carried in stock so that the more popular models are always available for immediate delivery.

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AS COOL IN SMOKING AS A CIGARETTE CAN BE

Wills's

GOLD FLAKE

The All-Virginia Cigarette

U.G. 781

DOGS

A Pretty Big Business

By "THE KENNELMAN"

To-day (Wednesday) brings an open Dog Show at Worthing, and the Show of the British Pekingese Club in Manchester. The Bulldog Club holds its Championship Show in Handel Street, Bloomsbury, to-morrow; and in Sunderland, Rugby, Gainsborough, and other provincial centres Shows have been fixed for Whit-Monday.

Apropos the recently published announcement that expenditure on the single item of Dog-collars in this country exceeds £150,000 per annum, a reader points out that: "This is not remarkable, seeing that our canine population is now about four millions, and that even the least dressy among our favourites is by law obliged to possess a collar. As a matter of fact, few people realise just how big an *industry* our British Dogs represent, or how much they contribute to national revenue, employment, and general activity. For instance, their licences cost more than their collars; Dog harness costs more than collars; leads cost as much; and coats a deal more. Plenty of owners spent ten times as much on Dog railway fares as on collars, leads, and coats put together; ten times again on their housing, and more on their feeding. Thus we are soon in the millions; without considering Dog medicines, nursing, doctoring, photography, stud fees, and the really big sums involved in exhibiting, printing, advertising, and the like; to say nothing of the thousands of pounds changing hands every day in Dog-dealing. It's a big business, and a prosperous one; and I don't know of any other that yields bigger dividends in human health and happiness."

Mrs. Walters, who breeds Great Danes, seen with three of her dogs. Her kennels are at Weybridge

Fashion hardly could exist without fluctuations, but, allowing for all that, British taste as touching the relative popularity of the eighty odd different breeds of Dogs remains upon the whole singularly steadfast, and favours above all the Dogs best suited to share outdoor life and sport. The Alsatian vogue clearly passed its peak a couple of years back, but all this year's Shows so far have testified handsomely to the undiminished popularity of such open-air and all-round pals as the jolly little Cockers—"*They* are the kennel's angels, *they*!"—and the Fox Terrier, Wire and Smooth.

One excellent effect of the public preference for Dogs of vigorous habit benefits the owners by adding to their own outdoor activities, and another benefits the Dogs by improving public understanding of their physical needs, more especially in the vital matter of diet. The least observant come to realise that pampering and slop-feeding won't develop hardihood and activity, and so the majority reach understanding of the elementary truth that doggy health demands a *hard* food dietary, of measured meals at set hours, and never a scrap between-whiles. Meals that demand no crunching, tearing, or gnawing are not good Dog meals.

BY APPOINTMENT.

GET YOUR NEXT SUIT MADE BY BERNARD WEATHERILL

There is a difference!

A difference in cut—a difference in style—a difference in price. And yet a Bernard Weatherill suit—made with that West-End tailoring skill which makes *all* the difference—may be had at as low a charge as:—Lounge Suits from 6 gns. Plus Four's from 7 gns. Overcoats from 6 gns.

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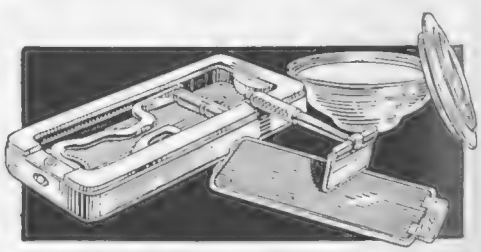
81, Cannon Street, London, E.C.4. *Birmingham: 39, Cannon Street.*

BRANCHES AT ALDERSHOT, ASCOT, CAMBERLEY.

THE HOLLOW-GROUND SAFETY



If you rise early in order to shave well, rather than just to be virtuous, you need a Rolls Razor very badly!

ROLLS RAZOR

Razor Sets 21/- and 27/6. Soap Bowl 3/6. Bowl Refill 2/-. Shaving Cream 1/3.

Manufactured by Rolls Razor (1927), Ltd., London, N.W.2.

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CONVENTIONS to be ESCHEWED

By "ACES EASY"

AMERICA, so casual in the canons of social intercourse, makes up for its lack of rigid formalities so soon as it approaches the card-table. In the old days of Auction, when spades had the "royal" value of nine and the ordinary value of two, a series of artificial bids in the lower value was created by which one player could inform the other of the precise type of hand held. Five spades, for example, meant, "Partner, choose between diamonds and no trumps," six spades meant between hearts and no trumps, seven between royal spades and no trumps.

❋

THOSE days of "High Spades," glory be, have departed. Bidding at Auction to-day is a matter of intelligent conversation, not an essay in heraldry or symbolism. But there is a grave danger of Contract developing a probably fatal attack of "conventionitis."

❋

IN Auction the initial bid of two in a minor was regarded as a stray: neither the fish of information nor the flesh of pre-emption; and many players used it as a negative "feeler" to see if a no-trumper or a suit were better suited to the combined hands. With the advent of free denials and four-card bids, however, this became obsolete. In Contract, however, the convention-mongers are not content to use the bid in its accepted and reasonable meaning of a solid suit of diamonds or clubs, but are anxious to give it an arbitrary significance. Thus, in some circles, an original two clubs means a two-suited hand in the minor suits, and the original two diamonds means a major two-suiter. An hybrid two-suiter, one major and one minor, however, cannot be indicated conventionally.

❋

THIS is stark lunacy. Two clubs at Contract should mean a solid suit in clubs, with possibilities in the hand; in diamonds the same. The latest advocate for this unnecessary and objectionable (objectionable on business, not on moral, grounds, for if everyone at the table knows the convention, it is not a private code) is Mr. Basil Dalton, M.A., who is not at pains to conceal the fact that he once graced a university; his book, "Contract Bridge," being riddled with classical tags and references to his undergraduate career.

❋

ANOTHER type of convention from the land of the not-so-free (at the Bridge table as at an hotel!) is the Challenge bid. This, suggested at length by Mr. Sidney S. Lenz, takes the place of the negative double, save that it cannot be left in; if your partner challenges and you would have passed a negative double had he made one, you have to double; if you would have taken out a negative double you take out the challenge.

❋

A "SIMILAR lot" is the "kick it" system, used as follows: South goes up to three hearts, West three spades. If North says, "I double," he tells his partner to go four hearts on the strength of a couple of tricks in spades, if in any way possible. If North says, "I kick it," he tells South to pass, as he has the spade call sewn up in sacks. Another development is to say, "Content" when you are satisfied with an opposing double, and "No bid" if you are imploring a rescue.

❋

EVEN when these bids are known to the table, one can only say that the man who lays his hand on his heart to show he holds the red major is one degree crookeder than those who employ them, for Bridge is a game of cards for gentlefolk, not a *conversazione* for sharpers.

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THE GOURMET : : Conducted by EMILIA

Lobster au Gratin

Cut a good-sized lobster right down the middle. Save the four shells, having scraped out all the meat from the tail, head and claws. Chop into small pieces. Put into a saucepan a little flour, butter, cream or milk, and half a shallot chopped very fine. Mix this well with the lobster, season to taste. Fill the shells, then sprinkle with breadcrumbs, and put into the oven for a few minutes, until the top is browned.

Mousse de Jambon (Froid)

Whip two gills of cream stiffly, and stir with this one gill of just liquid aspic, and ½ lb. of cold, cooked, minced, and sieved ham, and just enough carmine to make it all a very delicate pink. Whip this together for three or four minutes, pack it into a mould, and set it in a basin full of broken ice for one and a half hours; then turn out and serve.

Braised Duck with Carrots

Partly roast a good-sized duck, untruss it, and cut into neat joints. Line a stew-pan with slices of streaky bacon, then put in the duck and season well. Add two gills of stock, half a pint of Espagnole sauce, and half a gill of white wine. Simmer slowly for thirty minutes, then take up the pieces of duck, and strain the sauce. Have ready about a dozen very small carrots which have been boiled, put them in a sauté-pan with half a gill of white wine, boil up, and add to the duck. Simmer a little longer, and skim well, dish up and garnish with the carrots and a few fried *croûtons*.

Coffee Cream Ice

Pour ½ pint of very strong clear coffee (well sweetened) into 1 pint of good custard, mixing well, then add ¼ pint of whipped cream and freeze. Serve in tall glasses with a little whipped cream on top and ice wafers.

Herring's Roe and Mushrooms on Toast

Make some rounds of buttered toast, season well with cayenne pepper; on each toast place half the soft roe of a herring, which has been lightly fried, and on the top of this one fried mushroom, which ought to cover the toast; pour on each a few drops of Worcester sauce. Put in the oven for a few minutes, and serve very hot.

Menu du Dîner

Hors d'Œuvres Varies.

Consomme.

Lobster au Gratin.

Mousse de Jambon (Froid).

Braised Duck with Carrots.
Peas. New Potatoes.

Coffee Cream Ice.

Herring's Roe and Mushrooms on Toast.

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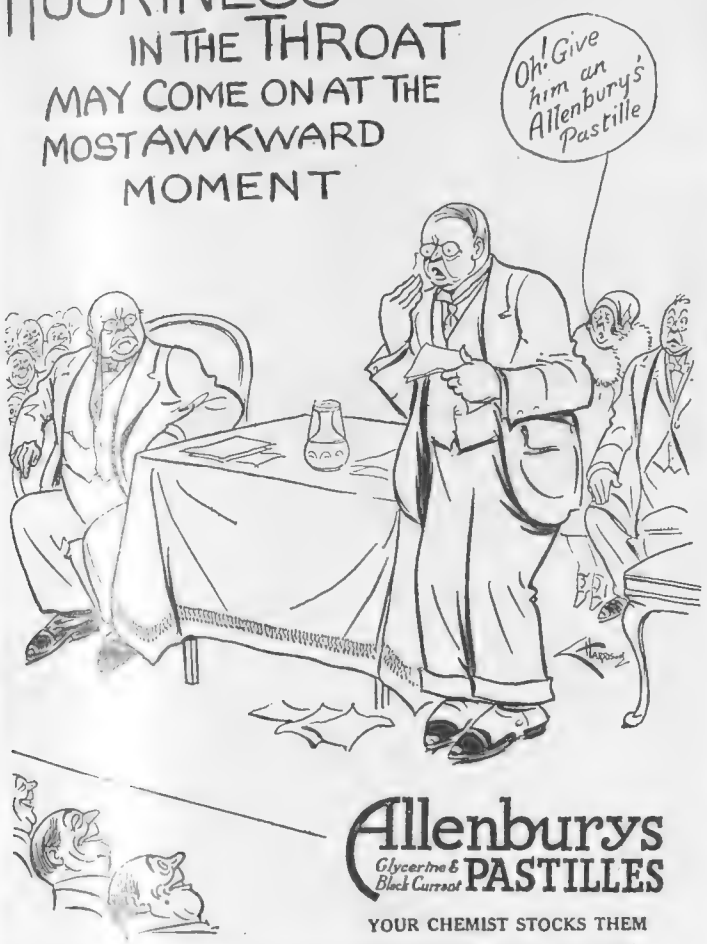

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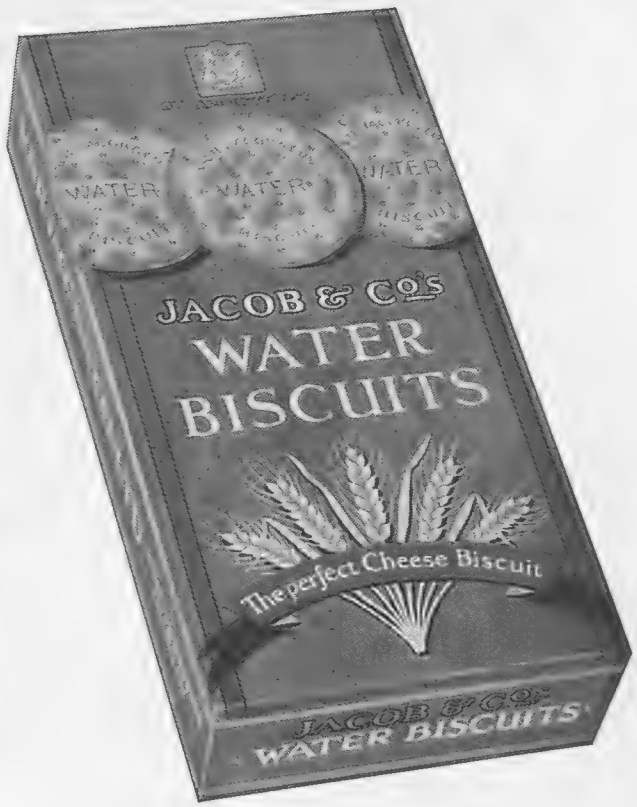

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

An Historic Event

The Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs, and the Corporation were the guests of honour at the first annual dinner of the Regent Street Association, over which Mr. Austin Reed presided, at the Piccadilly Hotel. This powerful organisation has been formed with the object of keeping Regent Street what it always has been since the days when Nash designed it as a Royal road, and named it after his patron, the Prince Regent—one of the finest streets in the world. The most brilliant modern architects have carried on and improved Nash's original ideas, one of the most striking of which was to unite a number of dwellings into a magnificent façade, thus imparting an air of imposing continuity to the street. The result is that thoroughfare of which the Regent Street Association is so justly proud. Immediately after the dinner a parade of fair women throughout the centuries was staged, from Cleopatra to "Miss 1929," who appeared, wearing wonderful jewels, and clad in a deceptively simple-looking white satin dress beneath an ermine cloak. The moral it pointed was obvious. Never has the beauty of women been more exquisitely served than it is by the Regent Street of to-day.

An Italian Honour

The King of Italy has conferred on Major W. Stormont, manager of the Italian Travel Bureau—C.I.T. (Official Agency of the Italian State Railways and Steamship Lines), the Order of Commander of the Crown of Italy in recognition of his services to Italy. Permission to accept and wear the decoration has been granted by His Majesty King George. Major Stormont, who is also a Councillor of the Italian Chamber of Commerce in London, and British Consul of the Italian Touring Club, was previously awarded the Order of S. Maurizio and Lazarus for war services in the Royal Naval Air Service with the British Adriatic Squadron.

Aldershot's 1929 Tattoo

Aldershot Command this year proposes to hold its annual Tattoo on June, 18, 19, 20, 21, and 22, as usual coincidently with the Royal Race Meeting at Ascot. Booking for this year's Tattoo began in June of 1928, and by February of the present year not a single seat in the covered stand remained unsold. Rather than await the chances of stand tickets being returned to the Tattoo booking offices, as, through unforeseen contingencies some two per cent. are, the public then attacked the huge block of uncovered reserved seats which front the stand, and attacked with such vigour that already 90 per cent. of those seats for the final night, and 50 per cent. for the other nights are no longer on sale. An episode from the Crusades, with joustings in which armour-clad knights battle in the lists, will make a great appeal to the public, although that spectacle will have a close rival for popular favour in a battle scene from Waterloo that will be introduced by the famous ball given by the Duchess of Richmond, at Brussels, on the eve of the battle.

At Le Chateau de Frontenac

After a trip on the "Duchess of York" and a short stay in Scotland and London, Mr. J. Johnson, general manager of the Chateau Frontenac, Quebec, and Mrs. Johnson finished their honeymoon at the Chateau Frontenac, Paris, which is directly connected with the magnificent Canadian establishment. The wedding was celebrated in Quebec on April 4. Mr. Johnson, who is a war veteran, availed himself of the opportunity to show his charming bride the country where he spent those five eventful years. Her Royal Highness, Princess Beatrice, attended by her retinue, arrived in Paris on April 26. Her Royal Highness stayed for a few days at the Chateau Frontenac, which she has chosen as a residence when in Paris.

A STUDY IN BLACK—AND READ

Zulu servants on an estate at Hope Vale in Natal take an interest in the pages of "The Bystander." It is obvious that the English mail brings pleasure to the Zulu female

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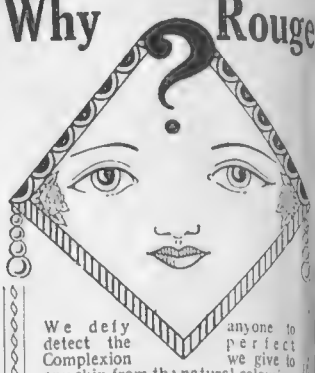

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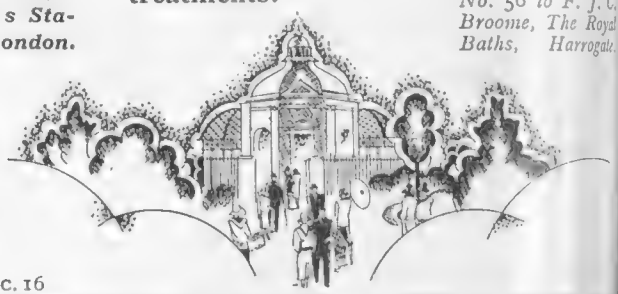
HOME of light and laughter, of health and happiness, where every hour of every day may be spent in unalloyed enjoyment. The tingling air of the open moors is famous the world over for its tonic properties. Sport and entertainment there is in abundance. No wonder, then, that Harrogate has been described as one of the world's finest health resorts! Such amenities as these form a fitting background for the Cure, administered in the world's finest Spa Establishment, where 88 separate and distinct natural mineral waters are available for the various treatments.

Pullman and Fast Restaurant Car Trains daily from King's Cross Station, London.

Write for illustrated booklet No. 50 to F. J. C. Broome, The Royal Baths, Harrogate.



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The Finest Spa Hotel in the World

HOTEL MAJESTIC

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Stands in its own glorious grounds of ten acres. Overlooking Royal Baths and Pump Room. En-tout-cas Tennis Courts. Beautiful Winter Garden and Ball-room. Suites complete with private bathroom. Large Garage. Tariff on application.

Telegrams: Majestic, Harrogate. *Telephone: 2[illegible]*

You cannot stay at a brighter place than the

GRAND HOTEL HARROGATE

FINEST CUISINE ABSOLUTE COMFORT

SPLENDID BALLROOM CONRI TAIT'S BAND

DELIGHTFUL SITUATION OPPOSITE VALLEY GARDENS

T. H. SWAIN, *Manager.*

Telegrams: "Grand." *Telephone: Harrogate 463*

HENRY HEATH LTD
105·107·109·OXFORD ST.,W.

By Appointment

90.—"LUNA." (*Regd.*)
Decidedly original and very attractive, this model by HENRY HEATH in fur-felt introduces the ever popular mushroom brim, and an air of distinction is added by the trimming of folded galloon. Sizes: 6¼, 6⅜, 7, 7¼, 7⅜. PRICE **30/-**

Look inside the Hat for the Registered Trade Marks
AGENTS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.
A selection of Hats will be sent on approval.

By Appointment.

Elvery's Waterproofs are Ideal for Town & Country

The Gents' Waterproof illustrated is carried out in Double Textured Lightweight Indiana, an attractive material which resists rain and wind, keeping the wearer dry and snug in the severest of weather. It can be obtained belted or unbelted, and makes suitable wear for Race Meetings and all other occasions.

Send Measurements (Height and Chest) with order.

Goods sent on approval on receipt of deposit or London reference.

Patterns on request to Dept. "E."

INCORPORATED IN THE IRISH FREE STATE
Elvery's
LIMITED
ESTABLISHED 1850.

ELEPHANT HOUSE,
31, CONDUIT STREET, W.1.
And at Elephant House, Dublin & Cork.

Gents' Waterproof in Double Textured Lightweight Indiana. With or without Belt. From - - - - **70/-**

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WHY BE BALD?

A Toupée which will defy detection can be made for you from about
£2 2 0
according to size.
Call and see our models—they will convince you.

MAISON DIETRICH

Opposite Maple's,
122 Tottenham Court Rd., LONDON, W.
Phone: Museum 1112.

Third time winner of the International Challenge Shield, Twice winner in Permanent Waving Competition.

Permanent Waving. Our famous Detro-Oil has proved an outstanding success, as it leaves the hair very soft and glossy. Whole Heads about **£3 3 0.**

Hairdressing. Manicure. Beauty Parlour.
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WALPOLE BROTHERS (LONDON) LTD.
108-110, KENSINGTON HIGH STREET, LONDON, W.8
175-176, SLOANE ST., LONDON, S.W.1
89-90, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.1
Established 1766

A NOVELTY WASHING SILK CRÊPE DE CHINE

in a smart overcheck design is used for this new frock. A very attractive "Walpole" model, cut with the latest circular flair. Colours: Cherry, Saxe, or Green on Ivory ground. Excellent value.

89/6

THE NEW SUMMER MODES

are charming and distinctive. We cordially invite an inspection of our exclusive selection at any of our showrooms.

ILLUSTRATED FASHION BROCHURE
will be sent post free on request.

BS 77

BREAST SUPPORTER

invaluable for all purposes.

Not only improves figure and keeps appearance **Youthful,** but **Guards** against **Cancer, Tumour, Inflammation, Pain** and the many evils arising from neglected breasts, which happens when tightened by wearing substitute bodices.

Only JOUJOU can give this correct improvement, as the illustration below shows; JOUJOU is a necessity for all Women to wear, day and night.

(*Regd. Design.*)

"JOUJOU"

32, BAKER STREET, LONDON, W.1.

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JOUJOU CORSETS, BELTS, etc.

Orders guaranteed immediately executed by return post. Free Illustrated Circular. If not satisfactory, money refunded in U.K. only on receipt of goods by return post. Personal fitting when calling, or send your order.

White, fine material, **15/6**
For Bathing or during Maternity, rubber or waterproof, from **25/6**
Small Figures only.

Pink Silk or Net, detachable straps, from **37/6**
White Silk Material, **32/6**
For Heavy, Full, Loose Figures or Maternity.

Various prices for one's requirements and taste.

Please state Bust and Underbust measurements.

Post free only in U.K. Obtainable only from—

"JOUJOU" Co. 1559 Dept. B 200
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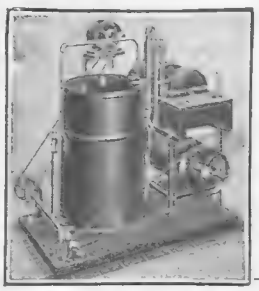
AEROGEN

PETROL GAS GENERATORS

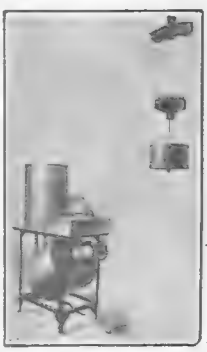
Giving High Efficiency Automatic Service



Electrically Driven.

Supplies a perfectly clean, non-explosive and non-poisonous gas for COOKING AND HEATING at a very low cost. Any type of Cooking Stove, Gas Fire, Water Heater, Iron, Ring, Bunsen, etc., can be installed (Sets from £21.)

GREAT SAVING OF DOMESTIC LABOUR



Weight Driven.

For isolated establishments having neither gas nor electricity laid on, this simple system will give a *perfect light*, in addition to cooking and heating. It takes but a few minutes daily to wind the weight. (Sets from £50.)

NO SKILLED ATTENTION REQUIRED

Write for the Aerogen Book.

The Aerogen Co., Ltd., 36, Bolsover Street, Gt. Portland Street, London, W.1.

PETROL GAS SPECIALISTS SINCE 1881.

Harvey Nichols & Co. Ltd.

of Knightsbridge S.W.1.

A DELIGHTFUL EVENING SET

Consisting of ***Petti-Knicker*** *copied exactly from a new Paris model in soft silk georgette. Flat-fitting hip-band and skirt trimmed with pleated cream lace. In Pink, Cream, Coral, Hyacinth, Ivory, Orchid, Peach, Green, Gold, Sky, Primrose, and Black.*

Price

35/9

Backless Bodice, *price* ***13/9.***

Nightdress *to match with new shaped shoulder yoke and lace appliqué, price* ***49/6.***

Also in crêpe de Chine same prices as above.

Lingerie Department First Floor.

Shaving Comfort

1/3 EACH

depends upon a fair deal between razor, brush and soap. You attend to your razor by stropping it, you renew your brush as soon as ever that is necessary, and, in order to complete the perfect shave, you must use a shaving soap which has been specially prepared, and which is guaranteed to give a free foamy lather without in any way injuring the skin. Next time use

Old English Lavender

SHAVING STICK

FROM ALL BRANCHES OF

The Boots Chemists

Over 800 Branches in Gt. Britain.

REFILLS 1/-

BOOTS PURE DRUG CO., LTD., NOTTINGHAM.

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to ensure prompt attention.

Why go
Grey?

HINDES' HAIR TINT

tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark-brown, light-brown, or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease and does not burn the hair. It is used by over a million people. Medical Certificate accompanies each bottle. Of all Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers **2/6** or direct—

HINDES, Ltd., 60, Parker Street, Kingsway, London.

OBESITY

THYROID GLAND ANTI-FAT PILLS quickly remove all superfluous adipose tissue accumulated in the cells of the system, bringing stout men or women to their normal weight, at the same time giving vigour, new life, vitality, strength, and nerve force. This standardised treatment, double strength (sufficient for four weeks), sent on receipt of 10/- post free. Only obtainable from—

MARTIN, Herbalist, 10, Welford Rd., Leicester (Box 13)

DRINK MORE WATER

BERKEFELD FILTER BRITISH

Sardinia House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

The "NEWMARKET" Boot.

The rubber Wellington Boot left so much to be desired that the Newmarket Boot illustrated above has been designed to provide a really smart but very light-weight boot for ladies for wear at Race Meetings and all sporting events. The uppers of this boot are made of a weather-proofed canvas, the foot part being in a light-weight calf. The buckle fastenings ensure very comfortable fitting. The sole is substantial, but the boot is light enough to avoid being tiring. In brown leather, with canvas uppers, in all sizes. Price, Carriage Paid **49/6**

Illustrated Catalogue of Ladies' Shoes on request.

JENNERS
PRINCES STREET. EDINBURGH

Let the "GREAT EIGHT" Help You When You Go to Paris and Berlin.

AT the Paris Offices of "THE BYSTANDER," "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," "THE GRAPHIC," "THE SPHERE," "THE SKETCH," "THE TATLER," "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS," and "BRITANNIA AND EVE," 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, and at Berlin, 211, Kurfürstendamm, there is a comfortable Reading Room where current and back copies of all the "GREAT EIGHT" publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

Our Advertisement Agents for France, Belgium and Germany are the Agence Dorland, who should be addressed (regarding French and Belgium business) at 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris, VIIIe. and at 211, Kurfürstendamm, Berlin, W.15, regarding German business.

For Switzerland and Italy our Advertisement Agents are the Agence Havas, who should be addressed at 4, Place du Molard, Geneva.

A *material* conversation—

Customer: "Good morning. I want a couple of lounge suits. Just my usual style."

Salesman: "*Yes, sir. I have a number of new cloths . . . . some very fine greys and mixtures. Here are two I specially recommend.*"

Having made a selection, the customer is on the point of leaving, when another question enters his mind.

"By the way—what about the Lining? In my last suit the Lining split under the arms and turned colour."

Salesman: "*I'm sorry to hear that, sir. But although we took a lot of care, it always used to be so difficult to get a really dependable Lining, and——*"

Customer: "*Used* to be?"

Salesman: "*Yes, sir—You see, we have solved the problem now by using only 'COURTINE' LININGS, woven and guaranteed by Courtaulds, Ltd. They never give the least trouble.*"

Customer: "Good—I'll have one to match each suit. I have read that you can get almost any shade. I shall be thankful to have a suit that's sound *inside* as well as *outside*.

For *your* new clothes, ask your Tailor to use

"Courtine" (REGISTERED) LININGS

The name is on the selvedge.

If any difficulty in obtaining "COURTINE" LININGS, write direct to the Manufacturers, COURTAULDS, LTD., 16, St. Martin's-le-Grand, LONDON, E.C.1.

The Débutante

That exquisite look of expectancy, the unconscious charm of the lifted head, its grace and contour—they make her beautiful! She has every right to the best artists' work — ***their*** clever, original way of posing the feathers, ***their*** faultless method of dressing the hair, their suggestions and their choice of successful diadems. Such artists are to be found only at Emile's.

EMILE

LTD.

24 & 25 Conduit Street

Write or 'Phone early for an appointment.

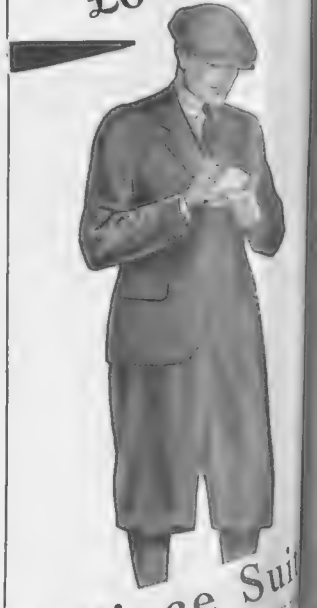
MAYFAIR 6263 (3 lines).

Lounge Suit

Finely tailored by West E experts, in Blue Serge, Gre Brown and Fawn Worsteds an Saxony Cloths in Fawn, Bro and Grey Colourings.

Ready to wear, or made to measure, from

£6:16:6



3-Piece Suit

Perfect cut and finish in very quality cloths, ready to wea various fittings, or made measure at the same price. H Wool Ulster Tweeds and Ho spuns in shades of Brown, and Grey.

JACKET, WAISTCO TROUSERS OR PLUS FO

(Extra Trousers or Plus Fours **£1:11:6**)

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Send for patterns and New List of Men's Wear

ROBINSON & CLEAVER 156-168, REGENT ST LONDON, W.1.

When replying to advertisements please mention THE BYSTANDER *to ensure prompt attention.*

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THE COUNTRY of BOUNDLESS ATTRACTIONS for

HOLIDAYS & TOURS

Picturesque Towns. Famous Museums. Good Hotels. Excellent Motor Roads and Golf Links. Bracing Seaside Resorts. Good Bathing and Sands.

Particulars from Wm. H. Muller & Co. (London), Ltd., 66-68, Haymarket, S.W.1, and all Tourist Agents.

DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE.

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast and After Dinner.

In making use LESS QUANTITY, it being so much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE.

GAMAGES

Beautiful Garden Ornaments

CATALOGUE FREE

Write for copy of Gamages Horticultural Catalogue. It contains many pages of Garden Furniture, Ornaments, etc. Profusely illustrated. Post Free.

ALBERT SUNDIAL

No. 60. Height 34 in. Base 16 in. square. Cap 11 in. square.

PRICE **£3.10.6**

Dial Plate extra

LION BIRD BATH.

No. 26. Height 4 ft., to rim of bath 3 ft., Base 15 in. square, diameter of bath 25 in.

PRICE **£4**

Figure, height 14 in., price 17/6 extra

Come and see Gamages Great Exhibition of Garden Furniture

GAMAGES, HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.1

Thierry

the recognised leader of shoe fashions.

Shoes by Thierry

70, Regent Street, London, W.1

And

47, SUSSEX PLACE, S.W.7 *(One minute from South Kensington Station*

Also at 5, St. Ann's Square, Manchester.

MILANESE LINGERIE

PURE SILK MILANESE NIGHTDRESS, trimmed georgette, embroidered self. In pink, peach, ivory, cyclamen, coral, lemon.

PRICE **39/6**

Vest to match, **21/9.**

Knicker to match, **25/9.**

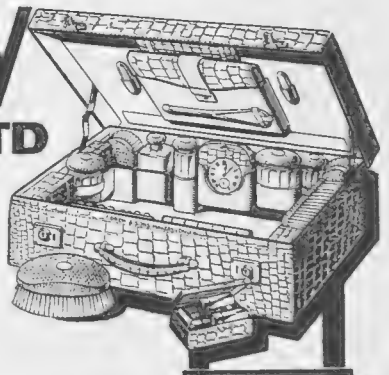
Sent on approval.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

VERE·STREET·AND·OXFORD·STREET

LONDON·W1

DREW AND SONS LTD



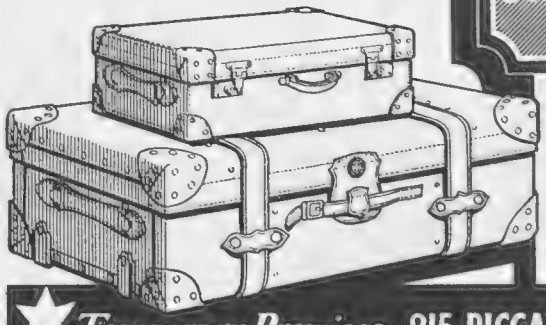
Drew & Sons have a unique experience in the production of all kinds of travelling requisites—the widest selection of all the latest designs is always in stock.

Fitted suit cases of finest materials and workmanship —trunks for train, steamer and cabin.

Picnic hampers for the car or the river fitted with every possible accessory.

Choose for yourself at Drew's —there's a 20% discount off all goods during rebuilding— the quality is the highest.

20% REBUILDING DISCOUNT



Also fine selection of all kinds of small leather goods.

Temporary Premises:- 215 PICCADILLY W.1

PETER ROBINSON

Catalogue of Summer Fashions sent on request.

484.
Pretty Floral Taffeta Gown. In shades of green strapped with self-colour. The gown can be copied in a variety of colours and designs. 17 Gns.

Not sent on approval.

PETER ROBINSON, LTD., OXFORD STREET & REGENT STREET, W.1.

TENNIS COURTS
Reliable & Economical

"DURA"	"Soveran"
Terra Cotta Tennis Courts. Grey Green Tennis Courts. Requiring minimum of upkeep in watering and rolling. Eight "Dura" Courts are being constructed at the "Lido," Venice.	Porous Hard Court. Permanent, Dustless, Faultless. Unaffected by climatic changes. Porous in all weathers. No expense in upkeep. The First Cost is the Last.

MAXWELL M. HART
162 BUCHANAN ST., GLASGOW
39 Victoria Street, - London, S.W.1
Specialist in the Construction of Ornamental Gardens of Charm and Distinction.

CUTICURA Promotes Loveliness Of Skin And Hair

Daily use of the Soap, assisted by the Ointment when required, keeps the skin fresh and clear and the hair healthy and glossy. They are ideal for the toilet, as is also the smooth, cooling, fragrant Cuticura Talcum.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 33, Banner St., London, E. C. 1.
Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 3d.

..take tennis seriously!

for you the Roussel Elastic Belt

Your body must have full play, and unrestricted freedom. Certainly, you need the Roussel Belt, exceptionally light and perfectly free, woven in finest elastic tricot to impart lithe slimness to every type of figure. Prices 16/- upwards. The dainty Roussel Brassière which moulds the bust, without restriction, can be worn with the Roussel Belt, The Queen of Elastic Belts. Call or write for free booklet.

To assure you a perfect fit all our creations are

On Sale only at J. Roussel of Paris 177 Regent St. W.1.
& 8a, Thurloe Place, opp. Brompton Oratory

How to save half the cost of your Riding Wear

Really you've no need to pay so much for your Riding clothes. Many think it quite impossible to get a proper fit and good quality except from a very exclusive firm in the fashionable centre of the West End. This may have been the case in years gone by, but times have changed and there is a firm close to the Marble Arch who supply really excellent Riding Breeches and smartly cut tailored Ladies' Riding Jackets, the two garments 83/6d., just about half the price charged by [illegible]. Every garment is cut to your individual measurements and they guarantee your money is returned if you are not absolutely satisfied. You had better call and see for yourself, or if not able to call send for patterns and self-measurement chart. They guarantee to fit you just the same if you order by post from your own measurements. If you write, address Dept. 21.

BEDFORD RIDING BREECHES CO.
19, New Quebec St., Marble Arch, London, W.1

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HOLLAND

A contrast between old and new Holland has a charm all its own. Beautiful landscapes and seascapes with windmills here and there, and the quaint costumes, afford the holiday-maker an entire change

Easily reached by the

HARWICH ROUTES

to and from

FLUSHING Daily **THE HOOK** Nightly

Illustrated Booklet and full information from Continental Traffic Manager, L·N·E·R, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.2, or Hull; 71, Regent Street, and 59, Piccadilly, London, W.1; Wm. H. Muller & Co. (London), Ltd., 66, Haymarket, S.W.1, and 78, Moorgate, E.C.2; L·N·E·R Stations, Offices and Tourist Agents.

Zeeland Day Line
L·N·E·R Night Route

NURSES' SPRING MILLINERY

MODEL N.2.

Fine Pedaline Straw. Band and bow of wide velvet. In Navy, Nigger-Brown, Black, Grey.

Sizes 7 and 7¼ only.

21/9

Illustrated Catalogue Post Free.

MODEL N.3.

Small Close-fitting Pedal Straw. Band and bow of corded silk ribbon. In Navy, Grey, Black, Purple, Green, Nigger-Brown.

Sizes: 6¾, 7, 7¼.

12/11

E. & R. GARROULD, 150 to 162, EDGWARE RD., LONDON, W.2.

Notice to Advertisers.

Since January 1, the Editor of "The Bystander" has been Mr. Comyns Beamont, who was the first Editor of the Paper.

The policy of the Editor in producing an improved "Bystander" has been amply justified and is having a far-reaching effect.

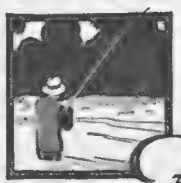
¶ THE BYSTANDER *is the most talked of Paper of the day and is making a host of new friends.*

¶ *Consequently, its circulation and its value to the Advertiser are increasing every week.*

Take advantage of this by enlarging your space, or taking more frequent insertions.

THE DOUBLE SUMMER NUMBER has been postponed to June 12, on account of the General Election.

INVERESK HOUSE, 346, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.



"Standard" Sports.

Fishing

A wise angler carries a variety of flies, whether it be a March Brown, a Mayfly, a Black Spider, a Jock Scott or a Dusty Miller, to meet varying circumstances and different seasons. Every burn and loch has its moods and needs—and so the Standard has many policies to suit the diverse demands of its clients.

Non-profit for Death Duties and Settlements.
With Profit combining Investment and Protection.
Public Schools for Education for Children.
Business Man's Policies. Annuities.

The Standard's bonus is 42/-% annual and compound.

Send a postcard for latest Prospectus "Y.13" or for special leaflet dealing with any of the above.

The STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

LONDON 46 QUEEN VICTORIA ST. E.C.4 & 15A PALL MALL S.W.1 — ESTABLISHED 1825 — DUBLIN 59 DAWSON STREET

HEAD OFFICE - 3 GEORGE STREET EDINBURGH

The GRAPHIC

The Paper that Creates Conversation

Founded 1869

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY WITH

PERSONALITY
A SENSE OF HUMOUR
ALL THE BEST PICTURES
THE BEST ARTICLES
AN EDGE TO IT

SEE EACH WEEK THE GRAPHIC

"UNSUSPECTED MOMENTS"

The special "Candid Camera" that goes the round of public dinners and functions, and takes remarkable unposed pictures.

1/- On Sale at all Bookstalls 1/-

HOTELS (continued)

KNOCKE-ZOUTE, ALBERT PLAGE

CLARIDGE'S HOTEL

Latest Hotel de Luxe. 100 Rooms. 50 Baths.
Near Golf and Tennis. On Front at Le Zoute.

PALACE HOTEL

Facing Sea. All comfort. 5 minutes from Links
Telegraphic Address: Palace-Knocke.

THE RUBENS HOTEL

A first-class, select and modern home in Ideal position on sea front. Facing Baths. Near Golf. Tennis and Casino.
Apply for prospectus.

SPLENDID HOTEL

On Front. Near the Golf and Tennis.
EVERY HOME COMFORT. REASONABLE PRICES.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres, 58, Avenue de Keyser. The most modern and the best clientele.

Coq-Sur-Mer.—Le Grand Hotel. 18 hole Golf. 10 Tennis Courts. Bathing direct from Hotel. Galas.

Knocke.—Astoria Hotel.
1st class, all comforts.
Right in front of sea.

Laroche.—Gd. Hotel du Luxembourg. Beautiful situation in Ardeunes. Running water and all comfort.

Ostend.—Hotel Providence Regina. Sea View. 200 Rooms. American Bar. Restaurant open to non-residents.

EGYPT.

Cairo. — National Hotel. The leading family Hotel, with modern comfort and moderate charges.

FRANCE.

Agay (Var.)—Hotel Des Roches Rouges. All modern comfort. Open Summer and Winter

Aix-les-Bains.—Regina Hotel Bernascon. Unrivalled sit. Most exclusive. Entirely firepf. Special terms for Spring and Sept.

Arles (B. du R.).—Grand Hotel du Nord-Pinus. Place du Forum. Remains of Roman Forum. First Class.

Biarritz.—Terrasse Hotel. Port vieux, Côte des Basques. All comfort; garage, rooms with baths. Out season terms from Frs. 30. Season from Frs. 60.

Cannes.—Hotel des Anglais. Highest class res. hotel. Right up to date. Renowned cuisine & cellar. 'Phone ev.rm. V.lge.garden.

Evian.—L'Ermitage.—High-cl. Res. Hotel. Airand Rest Cure. Special diets on demand. Same Management: BELLEVUE, at CANNES.

Le Touquet.—Golf Hotel. Facing the links. 200 Bedrooms. 100 Bathrooms. Private Tennis and Squash Rackets.

Le Touquet.—Hotel Regina. In pine forest nr. Casino and Tennis. 5 mins. from Golf and Sea. First-class hotel, reasonable terms

Marseilles.—Grand Hotel de Geneve. Restaurant overlooking View and Port. Moderate terms. Every comfort.

FRANCE—*cont.*

Nice.—Hotel Suisse. Facing sea. Open all year, Inclusive terms from 80 francs.

Wimereux.—Hotel Cosmopolite du Golf. Running water all bedrooms. 5 mins. walk Golf Clubhouse. Bus meets boats Boulogne.

PARIS.

Le Chateau Frontenac.—Rue Pierre Charron. An Aristocratic home. Its restaurant Maria Chapdelaine and Charley's Bar. Same House: Victoria, Lausanne.

Hotel Lutetia.—The best hotel on the left bank. Every possible comfort. Tea and Dinner Concerts.

Hotel St. Petersbourg.—33/35 Rue Caumartin. Brit. fam. hotel. Every mod. com. Same hotel. Hotel des Balances, Lucerne.

ITALY.

Merano.—Park Hotel. Quiet and Distinguished. 180 Beds. 50 Bathrooms. Owner: H. Panzer.

Naples.—Grand Hotel, Vesuve. First-class on the sea front. Branch House—Grand Hotel Vittoria, Sorrento

Naples.—Parker's Hotel. The only first-rate hostelry for Eng. Tourists. Beautifully sit. on the Corso Vittorio Emanuelle. Overlooking Bay, Capri, Vesuvius and the City.

Rapallo.—Excelsior & New Casino Strictly 1stClassSit. in ideal spot on Riviera. Winter and Spring resort. Summer bathing season.

Rome.—Palace Hotel. Situated in the smart Ludovisi quarter, opposite the Queen-Mother's Palace. Luxury and comfort.

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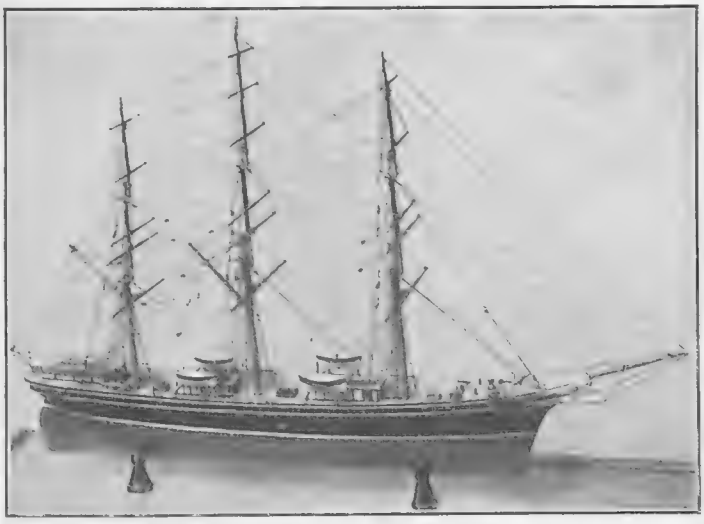

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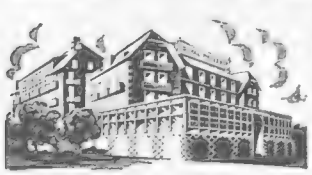

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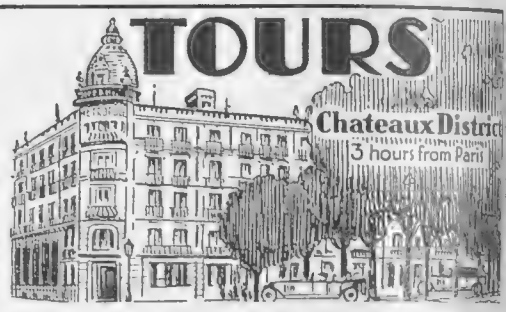

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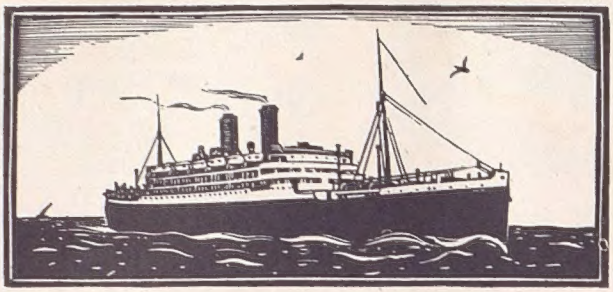

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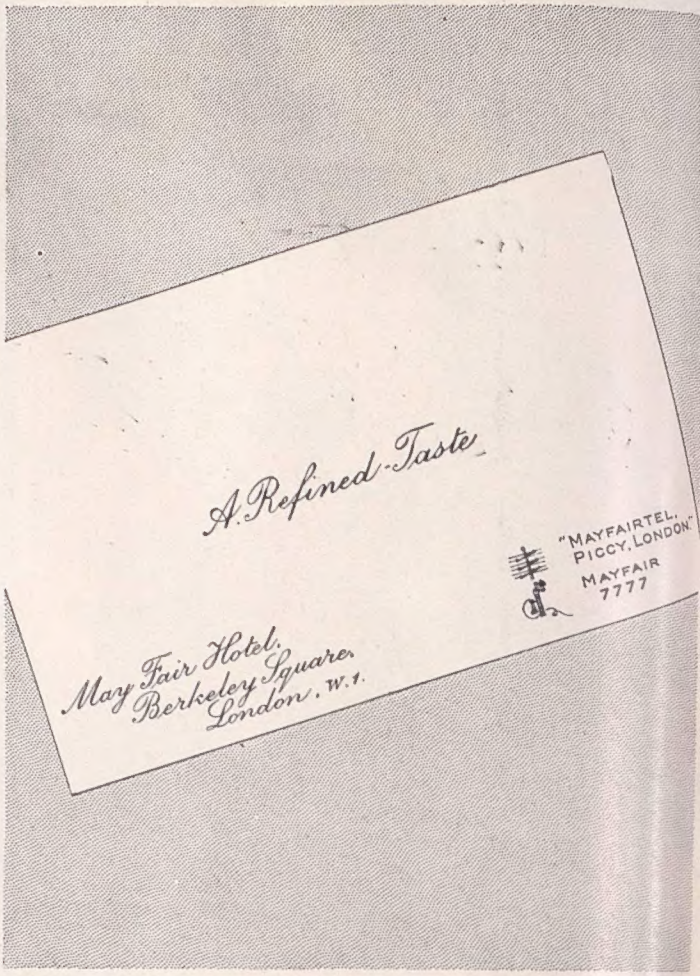

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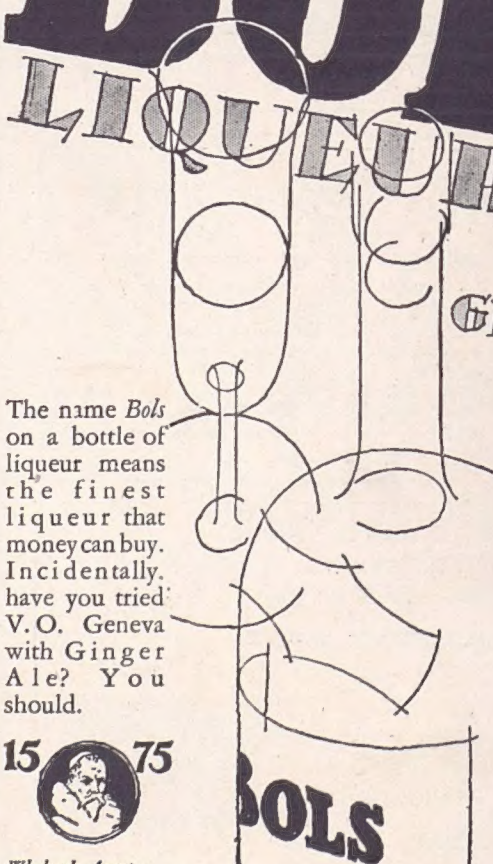

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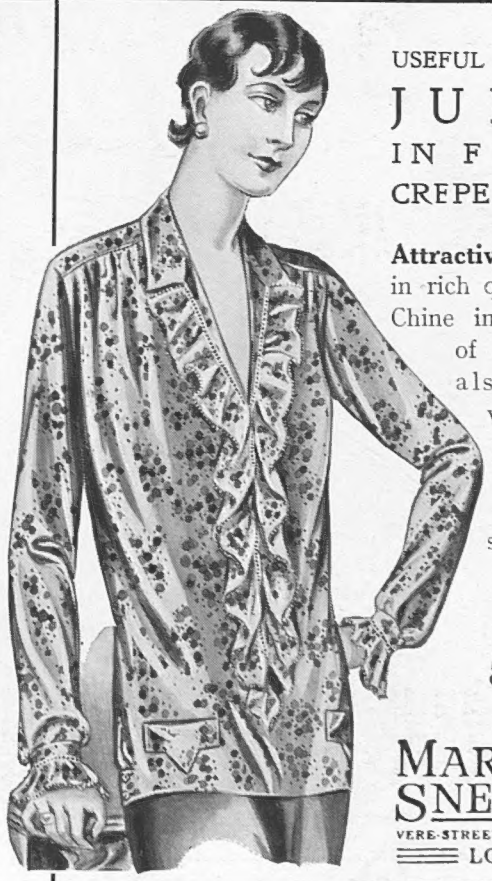

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